

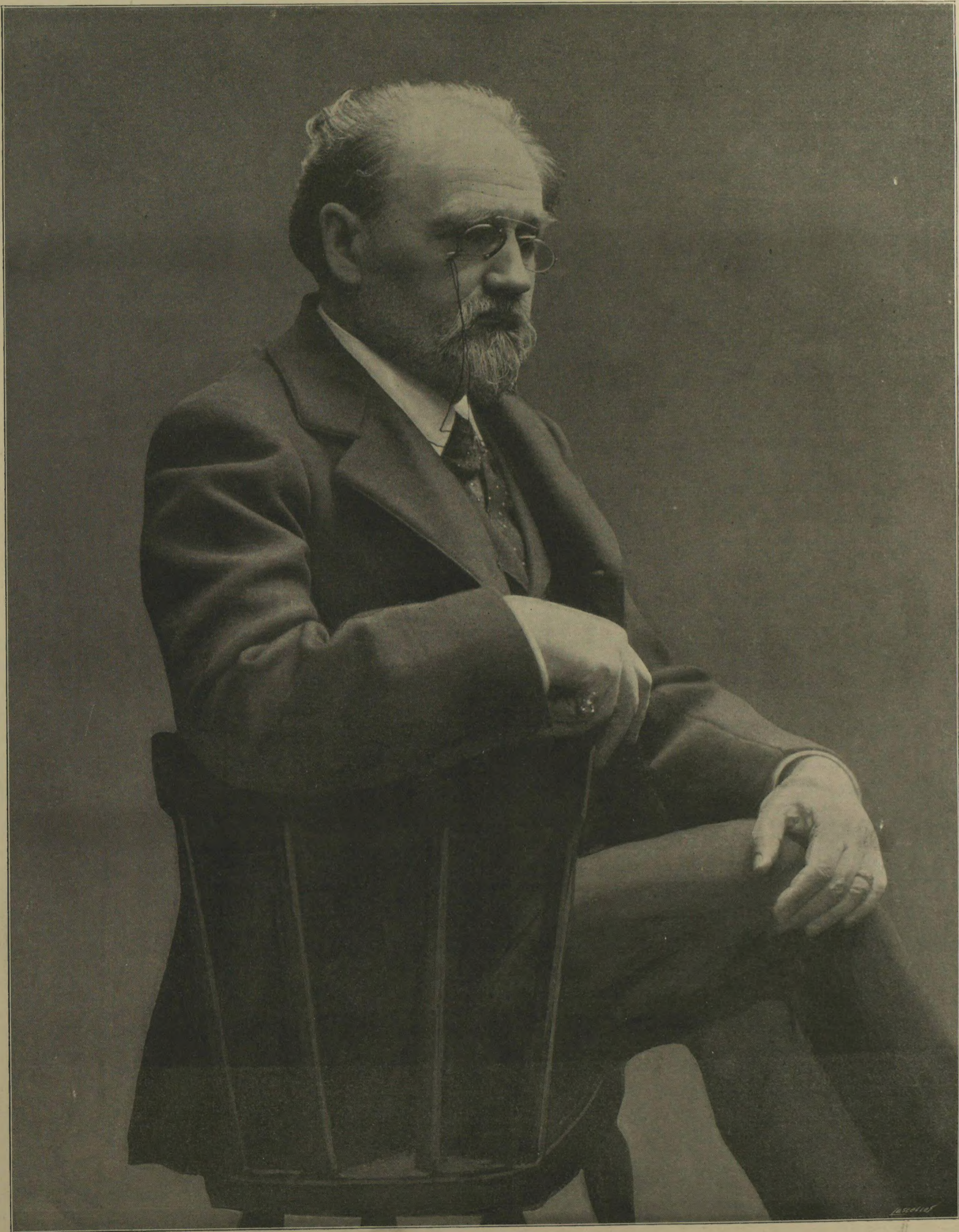
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 3311.—VOL. CXXI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF EMILE ZOLA, MASTER OF THE REALISTIC SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BORN, APRIL 2, 1840; DIED, SEPTEMBER 29, 1902.

The photograph here reproduced was taken only four weeks ago by Cautin et Berger.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I follow the Egg-Dancers with growing wonder. Their appeal to the "civilised world," excluding, of course, the inhuman British Isles, is a protest against our meanness, and a gentle hint to Continental and American philanthropists that they desire to bank in South Africa a huge political fund. Ostensibly needing money for the Boer widows and orphans, and for the "satisfactory" education of the children, they do not mention that education in the Dutch language is provided by the British Government, that the burghers are rapidly returning to their farms, furnished with seed, agricultural implements, and the necessities of life, all at our expense, and that the Dutch committees at the Cape have invested nearly thirty thousand pounds (subscribed for the relief of the Boers in the concentration camps) because that relief was not required. No single fact redounding to our credit figures in the appeal to civilisation; yet General Botha assures Mr. Arnold White that the Boers yearn to be "good British subjects," and he assures Mr. Phipps, the generous American donor of twenty thousand pounds for the widows and orphans, that his compatriots have no ill-will towards Great Britain, and have made "peace in the fullest sense of the word."

I have not the smallest doubt of General Botha's good faith; but, all the same, he sees fit to trip the heavy fantastic toe among the Continental eggs, to the piping of Dr. Leyds. It would be so nice to extract from European Anglophobia enough millions to make the Boers independent of the British administration. Their friends abroad do not seem disposed to fall in with this Arcadian scheme. It is too costly for German sympathies. The "good British subjects" are bluntly told that it is extremely foolish of them to alienate the goodwill of the British people. One unfeeling foreigner goes so far as to ask why the Boers, who own enormous tracts of land, cannot sell some of it. That is the course usually adopted by the rational landowner who has had losses. It does not suit the Boer, because he wants to be just as well off at the end of a war, in which he is the loser, as he was at the beginning. This is a delightful trait of his character which the Continent scarcely appreciates. It is appreciated, I see, by one simple gentleman in this country, who proposes that we shall open a charitable fund for the Boers, and raise twenty millions! Another simple gentleman tells us that we are bound in honour by the Hague Convention to compensate the Boers for the destruction of their "private property." This is the sort of simplicity that the Boer admires in other people. Unluckily for him there is not enough of it.

Every cool observer, here and abroad, knows that the terms granted to the surrendered burghers were liberal, as the *Cologne Gazette* says, beyond precedent. General Cronje, home from St. Helena, makes no secret of this belief. General Ben Viljoen is of the same mind, and is said to have refused to join the egg-dance in Holland. We caught him in ambush, one of our few successes in that line; and he thinks we are a great people after all. He has written a book, in which our supreme achievement will doubtless receive full justice; and he is contemplating a series of lectures in this uncivilised island. If Ben Viljoen should lecture in the spirit of General Botha's excellent letter to Mr. Phipps, how will that profit the appeal of the Skipping Trio to the Anglophobes, who are already buttoning up their pockets? Meanwhile, the little Boers at home may be learning from sprightly English teachers how to sing—

Three Blind Mice—
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife—
Three Blind Mice!

There's a sound political lesson in this infantile minstrelsy.

The merry Guardsmen at Windsor, who thought it an excellent joke to "rag" a studious Lieutenant, may be a little abashed by the displeasure of Lord Roberts. The Commander-in-Chief is bent on discouraging the boisterous spirit which prefers unlimited indolence and horseplay to professional zeal. Stronger still is the opinion of Sir Michael Hicks Beach. He says there can be no reform of the War Office until "the great mass of officers" are taught to devote themselves to their military duties, and until promotion is purged of illegitimate influences. What this means we all know. The merry Guardsman depends not upon his brains for advancement, but upon his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. He will not like Sir Michael Hicks Beach's intrusion. He will regard it as the impertinence of a mere civilian, and ask what a statesman who has been Chancellor of the Exchequer can know about the War Office, and the duties of the soldier. It is indeed monstrous that even merry Guardsmen should be expected to improve their minds, when they have any.

The tragic end of Zola is the end of a prodigious energy. How much he has left unpublished I do not

know; but it will probably amount to several volumes. His method of labour had already outlived his observation. His mind was like a factory which continued to turn out products for which there was no demand. He had vague notions about co-operative labour and the birth-rate in France, and converted them into pamphlets of six hundred pages, in which his characters walked and talked without much dramatic reason or vitality. Portraiture was never his chief gift; but he could give astonishing impressiveness to pictures of human beings in the mass, as in "La Débâcle" and "Germinal." Early in his career he told the Goncourts that Flaubert had said the last word in the analysis of character; henceforth men must be painted in battalions. Such is the effect of the twenty volumes about the Rougon-Macquarts. I do not think the reader cares much for the pseudo-scientific idea of heredity that begat this unpleasant family, or recalls particular members with any distinctness; but the throng of figures has a pictorial gloom, like the march of MacMahon's troops to the fatal issue of Sedan, or a lyrical undertone, like that prophecy of a social uprising in the closing pages of "Germinal," probably Zola's finest book.

His outlook on humanity was moral; but it reminds me too much of the moralist who said, "The poor in the loomp is bad." Zola saw the French peasantry "in the loomp," and made them abominable. His realism was usually a fantastic assumption that mankind is a wallowing herd of swine without discrimination. That view was inevitable to an author who set out to write twenty volumes about hereditary disease. When he wanted to detach himself from this habit, he produced "Le Rêve," a fairytale so infinitely foolish as to warrant Anatole France's biting comment that to Zola with angel's wings he preferred Zola "on all-fours." But the man had a wonderful depth of pity, which is magnificent in "Lourdes," and merely horrible in "La Joie de Vivre." To his love of justice his part in the Dreyfus case bears undying witness. His enemies could see nothing in it but love of advertisement. Strange advertisement, for he gave his faculties to a cause which consumed them. After that fiery ordeal he was never the same man; his pen toiled on, but the old grasp and vigour were no more. I suppose the fine charity which distinguishes religious polemics in France will see in his lamentable death a judgment on evil-doers; but for all judges who are not bigots his best monument is that of the realist who sacrificed himself for an ideal.

A scientific genius in America has designed a boarding-house, the inmates of which are to subject themselves for a year or so to an experimental diet. For the good of mankind their digestive organs are to test adulterants and medicated foods. They will never know what they are eating (few of us do know what we eat!), but they will take breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and possibly afternoon tea, with childlike trust in the professional superintendents. What a lesson in patience! None of the boarders will dream of cursing the cook, and ordering her dismissal. Nobody will say to his neighbour, "Does it occur to you that we are being slowly poisoned?" I remember a cheerful tale of a gentleman in Paris who kept a table for suicides. Any man or woman tired of life sat down to a sumptuous repast, ate and drank of the best, enlivened the board with jest and repartee, withdrew after dinner in great spirits, and died decently in the cab. The purpose of the gathering was never mentioned; that would have been an unpardonable breach of etiquette. There had been blunders, it is true. On one occasion a dish of curry was a little too highly seasoned, and a guest who had partaken freely made an unpleasant scene. The body was quickly removed, and the cook was severely reprimanded.

But one evening a young gentleman, who was prepared to take his last meal, learned from the man who sat next to him something which abruptly changed his mind. He had a sudden resolve to live. Thrusting away his soup, which he had not tasted, he rose from his place, and instantly the smiling company became a crew of yelling fiends. They had to die; why should he escape? There was a frightful shindy, and I forget what came of it; but I wonder whether a scientific boarder would incur a similar obloquy if he were to bounce up and cry: "Blame me if this terrapin don't taste of insect-powder! No more experiments on the vitals of this free-born son of Hail Columbia!" Or suppose he should make a little speech to this effect: "Fellow-sufferers in the cause of research, you may have noticed that I am not very partial to the juice of the Californian grape, with which this table is so liberally graced. You may have doubted my patriotism, for, as you know, the wine of California is the finest in the world. But there is another product of our climate, and the genius of our people, which is also unequalled. I mean the cocktail. To-day I have drunk sixteen cocktails, undiluted with science!" Would the other boarders fall upon the culprit and rend him, or would they also betake themselves to illicit cocktails, and so derange the progress of scientific inquiry?

THE DEATH OF EMILE ZOLA.

On the afternoon of Sept. 29, Paris, and shortly the civilised world, were thunderstruck by the news that M. Emile Zola, the master of realistic fiction, had been found suffocated in his bed-room. Rumour at first had it that Madame Zola had shared the same fate as her husband, but it was afterwards ascertained that, although seriously ill, she was alive and likely to recover. On Sunday afternoon M. and Madame Zola had returned from their country residence at Médan to their house in the Rue de Bruxelles, Paris. Next morning they were found suffocated by the fumes of carbonic acid from a fire which was smouldering in a defective stove. Artificial respiration was practised by the physicians, but in M. Zola's case in vain. Madame Zola at length rallied, and will recover, although she was entirely prostrated on learning of the death of her husband. The sad fact was concealed from her as long as concealment was possible. The failure to discover a will, however, necessitated Madame Zola's being consulted as to the final arrangements, and then she learned the truth.

On every hand the novelist's death has evoked the keenest regret, and to this the Press has given almost unanimous utterance. Unseemly outbreaks of hostile feeling have occurred in several instances, but these—the bitter legacy of the "Affaire"—need not be regarded as in any way significant of the general attitude, for Zola's honesty in his championship of Dreyfus remains beyond dispute.

The novelist was born on April 2, 1840, of a Greco-Italian father and a French mother, both belonging to the middle classes. It cost him nearly thirty years to set his foot on the first rung of the ladder of fame. There are others who have waited as long, as patiently, and as hopelessly. With the exception of Victorien Sardou, perhaps, there is not one who has been confronted by such black misery, and there was not one in whom that misery left fewer bitter recollections.

Zola was born among the people—yet not of them, for his father and mother were both educated—in that unsavoury quarter lying between the Rues Montmartre and St. Denis, which the foreign pleasure-seeker so rarely penetrates. The elder Zola was an engineer in fair practice, who had fought in the Napoleonic wars. The novelist's mother was a Mademoiselle Emilie Aubert, a Parisian. Emile Zola was but a little urchin of three when he was taken to Aix, but he returned to Paris eighteen months later, and remained up to the age of seven. By that time the popular location of the humbler Parisian was thoroughly familiar to him, and when, years afterwards, he wanted it, he had no need even of a slang dictionary to refresh his memory.

Shortly after the family's return to Aix, where the father was engaged in constructing the canal that bears his name, the bread-winner died, leaving but scant provision—he was only fifty-one—for the four survivors: Madame Zola, her parents, and her lad. Worse still, this provision was constantly impinged upon by the current costs of several lawsuits left by the deceased engineer, which at that period constituted the most hopeful portion of Zola's inheritance. The mother and daughter appear to have been admirable managers, and both evidently vied in making Emile happy, the granddame keeping him away from the Lycée as long as she could, the mother counting him the apple of her eye. He does not appear to have lost much from an intellectual point of view by this withholding from him of the public curriculum—then, as now, prevalent in the same form throughout the length and breadth of France. The master of the day-school whither he went up to the age of twelve voted him as good as a dunce; the principal of the Lycée whither he went subsequently was scarcely more enthusiastic with regard to his future, although he took various prizes. Albeit he had already perpetrated a historical novel and a play—a not uncommon thing among youngsters—there appears to have been not the slightest indication of his future eminence, or even of his embracing literature at all; his mind at that time, notwithstanding the play and the novel, being inclined towards science.

When he was seventeen the final crash came, and his mother and he found themselves once more in Paris. Madame Zola got her son a purse at one of the Lycées; he carried off a prize for narrative composition, but failed in his matriculation. Then he found himself literally cast upon the world penniless. He got employment at some bonded warehouses, but the work was utterly distasteful to him, and he soon threw it up. Literature had now fascinated him, but although he wrote assiduously, his pen brought him no profit. He was, indeed, starving; but even in his straits he found a possibility of sacrificing himself for love of letters, for he gave up smoking in order to buy candles to write by at night. More congenial, perhaps, was the offer made him by a friend, M. Boudet, of the Academy of Medicine, of a clerkship in a great publishing house; but some time had to elapse before he could take up his new duties, and as the wolf was well within the future realist's door, M. Boudet employed Zola to deliver New Year cards at the houses of his friends. The intimate history of this period of distress

is virtually wrapt in mystery as to his means of existence; he himself, when referring to that period, professed to be unable to give accurate information. All he could say was that he wrote and wrote, mostly poetry.

At the beginning of 1862 he got a berth at Hachette's, the publishers, in the "forwarding department," at 100 francs per month, and was promoted twelve months later to a clerkship at double the salary. He no longer wrote poetry, but prose; oddly enough, though, he never ventured to submit any of his writings to the eminent men with whom he came in daily contact there; but after a couple of years he timidly knocked at the door of his principal's private room, and deposited on his table the manuscript of a story. Two days afterwards M. Hachette expressed his approval, and in a little while commissioned him to write a second; but when he read that he frankly called him a revolutionary—meaning a social revolutionist.

Success was still far away; it came to a certain extent after the publication of "Thérèse Raquin," but it was "L'Assommoir" that made him famous, though he had then already published six volumes of his great series, "Les Rougon-Macquart." The social revolutionist—for Zola never cared one jot for politics—M. Hachette had, as it were, foreseen—gathered strength and strength, but it was used solely in defence of the weak and lowly and to correct abuses. It was the social revolutionist that flung himself into the breach in the Dreyfus case; it was the social revolutionist who meant to arrest the curse of drink by his "Assommoir"; it was the social revolutionist who aimed at improving the lot of the miners with his "Germinal." He never posed, though; he was too simple-minded and above all too honest for that.

It may safely be predicted that six decades hence "Germinal," "L'Assommoir," "Le Ventre de Paris," "Pot-Bouille," "Paris," and half-a-dozen more of Zola's volumes will be read not so much for the excitement and amusement their stories may afford as for the very accurate pictures they present of certain phases of life in the French capital during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Zola the novelist will perhaps not remain vivid in the minds of the next two generations; Zola the social delineator of the "Beacon City" will be remembered and consulted much longer than that. Yet, although from the beginning of his career as a writer he went to work scientifically, it is doubtful if he set himself that aim. It may have been as high, but it was different.

ART NOTES.

The closing of the Soane Museum for a portion of the year is according to established custom; and perhaps the temporary withdrawal of facilities to see the pictures there whets the appetite of Londoners to see the Hogarths and other pictures once the doors are again thrown open. Londoners sometimes need such deprivations and reminders to make them aware of their possessions. A timely word has recently been said about the Dulwich Gallery, which multitudes of persons living within a twelve-mile radius of it have never seen. Those who admire Watteau have there a feast; but for other tastes Gainsborough's "Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell," his "Mrs. Moodey and her Children," and Reynolds's secondary "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," offer unfailing attractions.

It is worth while for visitors to exhibitions, as well as for students, to note that after the first week in October, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, instead of Thursdays and Fridays, will be the students' days at the Tate Gallery. The public will, as usual, be admitted on students' days on payment of a small entrance-fee.

The name of Wertheimer is associated in London with art and wealth; but in Paris, and in the case of Gustave Wertheimer, the association was with art alone. Born in Vienna, he was a Parisian by choice of residence; and visitors to the Salon in recent years cannot have failed to notice his striking contributions—his "Le Repas du Lion," his "Fiancée du Lion," his "Mort de Brutus," his "Le Rival" (exhibited only last year), and the rest. His work also as a portrait-painter was much regarded, if little bought; and it was a shock to his admirers and acquaintances to find that his death, the other day, at the age of fifty-five, was due to rapid consumption, aggravated by starvation.

The end of the holiday season, which is generally a busy enough one for the art-student, has sent him back into the schools. The Herkomer School at Bushey has reopened with increased numbers; and so has the Newlyn School, presided over in Cornwall by Mr. Stanhope Forbes. The London Sketch Club opens its new season at the Continental Gallery, in New Bond Street, with nearly 160 members, under the presidency of Mr. Dudley Hardy. The two word-subjects set for the opening night are "Sand" and "In Time"—capable, both of them, of very liberal and diverse interpretations.

The Report of the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland has been issued as a Parliamentary Paper.

The Royal Photographic Society does not, like the Photographic Salon, limit its exhibits to those which "give evidence of personal artistic feeling and motive," and the show at the New Gallery is in consequence large, representative, and diverse. The "artistic" photographer will find his own department; but there are walls which will be more closely observed by students of the technical science of the camera, and in the many applications of photography to commercial purposes. If the five medals awarded seem to the amateur to have gone to five fortunate photographs, which do not seem to be notably better than others about them, the reason is either that the amateur's opinion is uninformed or that a standard of level excellence has been very generally reached. The facts of the case, no less than the vanity of the critic, would seem to point to the latter conclusion. Among the novelties may be named the Rev. John M. Bacon's photographic records of his recent aerial adventures.

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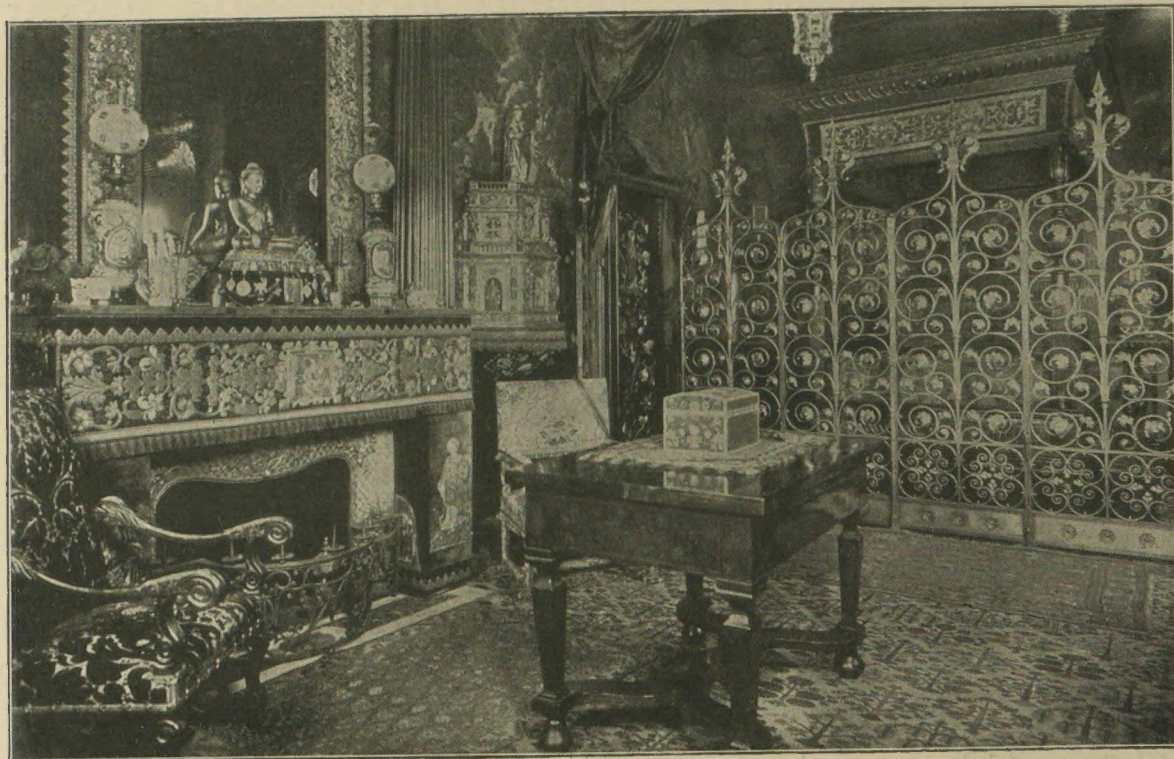
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THE LATE EMILE ZOLA.

FOUR OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS ARE BY H. MAIRET; THAT OF MADAME ZOLA BY ABENIACAR.



THE BED-ROOM IN WHICH THE NOVELIST DIED.
The bedstead is behind the ornamental grille.



THE STAIRCASE OF ZOLA'S RESIDENCE IN PARIS.



MADAME ZOLA IN SURDI'S STUDIO AT ROME.



THE NOVELIST IN HIS STUDY.



THE RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE NOVELIST'S PARIS RESIDENCE.

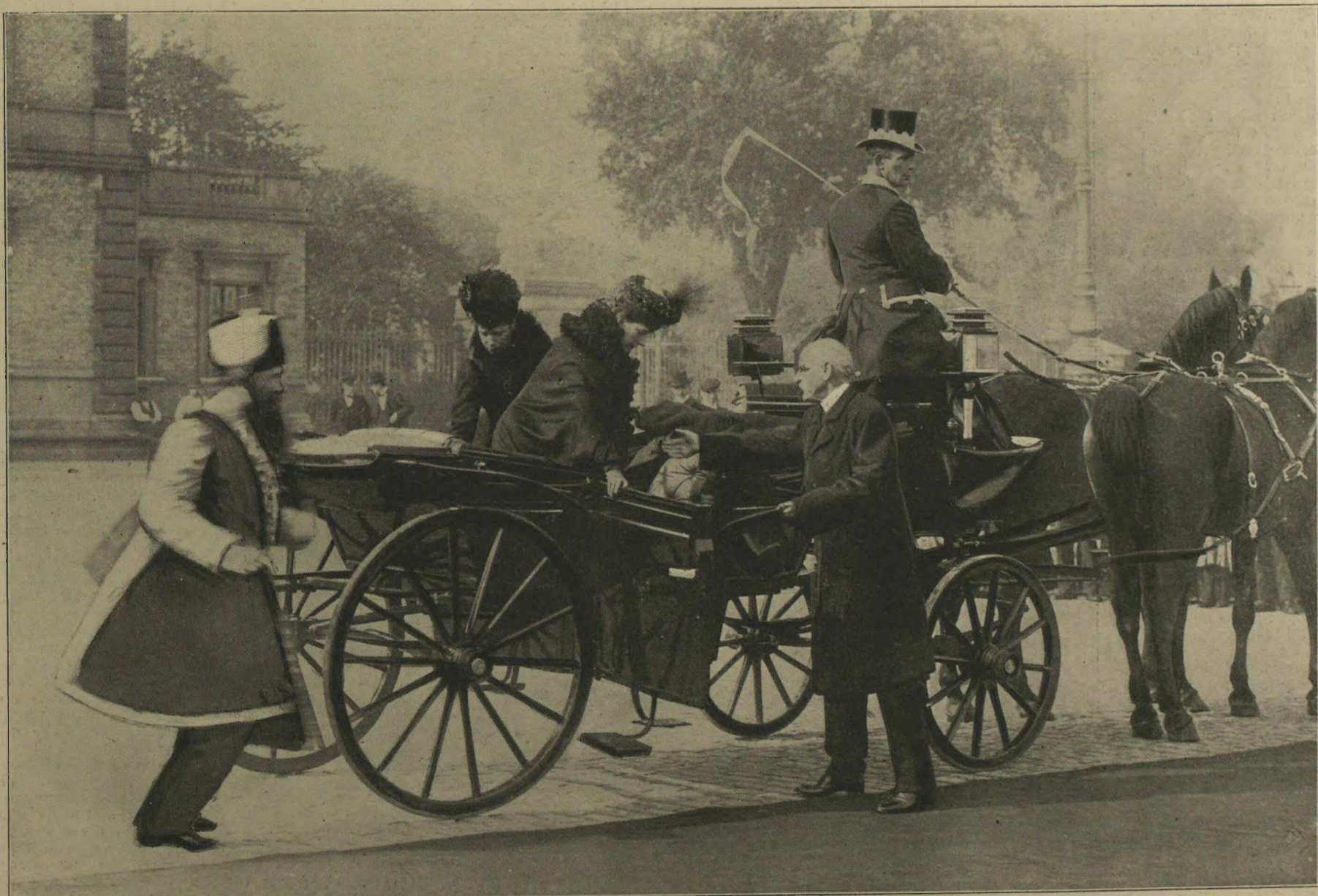


THE DINING-ROOM IN THE NOVELIST'S PARIS RESIDENCE.



THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT ARLEUX, NEAR DOUAI, SEPTEMBER 27: THE WRECKED TRAIN.

THE SMALLER PHOTOGRAPH BY BOTTIN, LARGER BY BARON.



Dowager Empress of Russia.

King Christian IX.

THE ARRIVAL OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN DENMARK, SEPTEMBER 19: HER MAJESTY ALIGHTING AT BERNSTORFF.

The Queen was met at Elsinore by her father, King Christian, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the King of Greece, who accompanied her to Copenhagen. Her Majesty drove to Bernstorff Palace with her father and the Dowager Empress of Russia.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AT BALMORAL.

During his stay on Deeside his Majesty has taken part in several deer-drives. At Abergeldie there was good sport, and on the royal estate on a later day seven animals were killed. On Sept. 27 King Edward was present at a deer-drive in Birkhall, and shot two stags. Lord Farquhar and Captain Holford killed a like number each. In the evening, a deer-dance, one of the most picturesque of Highland ceremonies, was held in front of the Castle. The stags killed during the day were laid out in two rows before the door, and the keepers and gillies stood around carrying lighted torches. There was dancing to the music of the bagpipes, and the Marquess of Tullibardine took part in the characteristic pastime. His Majesty, accompanied by Sir Archibald Hunter, General Kelly-Kenny, and Colonel Mathias, watched the scene with the utmost interest. During the proceedings the King called for a toast in honour of the Marquess of Tullibardine, whom he congratulated on his safe return from active service in South Africa. On Sunday the royal party attended Crathie Church, where the Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, preached to a large congregation. Prince Edward of Wales sat close to his grandfather in the royal pew. After service his Majesty drove back to the Castle and Prince Edward walked to Abergeldie. As he left the church the King frequently raised his glengarry in acknowledgment of the salutations of his subjects.

THE STATE ENTRY OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT INTO DUBLIN.

The State entry of their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Dudley into Dublin on Sept. 25 was marked by considerable enthusiasm and aroused much public interest. Within the station, where elaborate preparations had been made, a brilliant party had assembled to greet the new Lord Lieutenant. It included Ulster King of Arms, Sir Arthur Vicars; the High Sheriff of the City of Dublin, Sir J. Murphy, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Sir G. Moyers, and Mr. George Wyndham. A few minutes before the arrival of the train, the Duke of Connaught, Field-Marshal Commanding the Forces and the Third Army Corps, attended by his personal and general staff, alighted at the main entrance. Lord Dudley, who was saluted by the guard of honour while the band played "God Save the King," was cordially welcomed by his Royal Highness, who also gave his hand to Lady Dudley. In the procession, his Excellency, following precedent, rode on horseback, while Lady Dudley was in the state carriage drawn by four horses. The line of route from College Green was guarded by Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 3rd Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment, the 4th Battalion Warwickshire Regiment, and a detachment of the Rifle Brigade.

THE SHIPKA PASS COMMEMORATION.

The Grand Duke Nicholas and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria met at Varna on Sept. 25, and proceeded, by way of Tirnova and Gabrovo, to the Shipka Pass in order to be present at the celebrations in commemoration of the historic defence of the place against the Turks in 1877. At the southern end of the pass the Russians have erected a magnificent memorial church, which was consecrated on Sept. 28 in the presence of the Grand Duke and Prince Ferdinand. The ceremony in the church was performed with all the musical splendour for which the Russians are famous. A significant fact was the presence of the Bulgarian Metropolitan of Stara Zagora, who had been placed on a footing of equality with the officiating Russian priests—an adroit move which got over the difficulty of the schism of 1872. After the service, the notabilities drove to the Russian seminary, where there was a banquet. Prince Ferdinand, in his speech, recalled the debt Bulgaria owed to Russia as her liberator. He drank to the health of Prince Ferdinand and his people. The following day thirty-four Russian battalions engaged in manoeuvres representing the operations of the troops during the Russo-Turkish War. It will be remembered that General Gourko, after his earlier attempts to dislodge Osman from Plevna, withdrew to the Shipka Pass, where he was attacked by greatly superior numbers under Suleiman Pasha. Gourko's position seemed desperate, and the Russian soldiers sent word to their Czar that they were willing to die at their posts. For five days they maintained a splendid resistance, and at the last moment unexpected reinforcements appeared from Tirnova, whereupon Suleiman reluctantly withdrew. The loss on both sides was estimated at over 60,000.

THE LATE MR. JOHN LATEY.

It is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the death on Sept. 26 of Mr. John Latey, the editor of the *Sketch*. Mr. Latey was the only son of the late John Lash Latey, who for many years edited *The Illustrated London News*. John Latey the younger was born in London

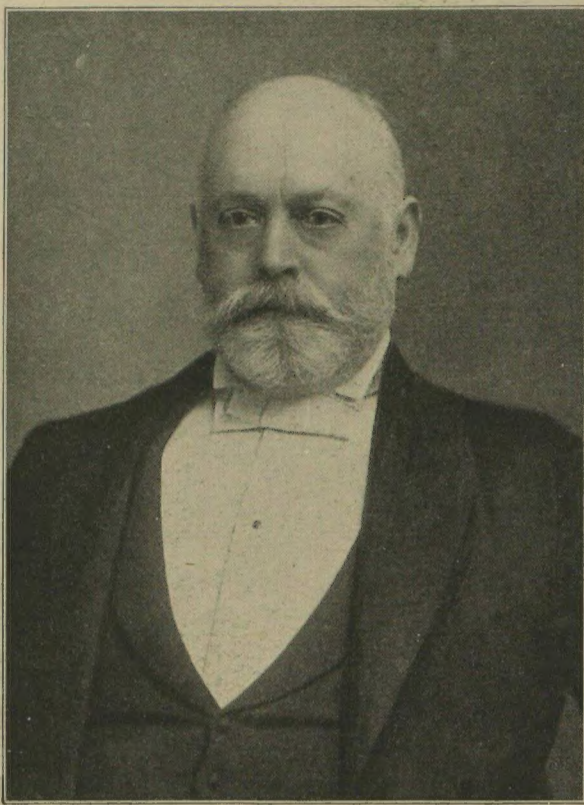


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE JOHN LATEY, EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

on Oct. 30, 1842, and was educated at Barnstaple, chiefly with a view to his entering the journalistic profession. For forty years he was most prominently associated with the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, which he had edited almost from the first, and in addition to his specific work on that journal, he wrote for a time "The Silent Member," a light Parliamentary sketch appearing in *The Illustrated London News*. In the editorial work of that paper he for a time took part. He wrote several novels and dramatic pieces, and also made one or two noteworthy translations from the French. In 1899 he became editor of the *Sketch*, which he conducted with singular ability, at the same time continuing his duties on the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. In the autumn of 1901 Mr. Latey fell into ill-health, and underwent a serious operation. For the greater part of the present year he had been entirely laid aside from

To all work which he undertook he had the gift of imparting something of his own vigorous personality, and, despite advancing years, he preserved an extraordinary youthfulness of spirit which made him a peculiarly attractive companion. It was a privilege to know him, and all who enjoyed his acquaintance—a great multitude of every rank—mourn to-day in John Latey one of the truest and warmest-hearted of friends.

THE RETURN OF THE "FRAM."

The *Fram*, with the members of Sverdrup's Arctic expedition on board, arrived at Stavanger on Sept. 19, all well, after a voyage of four years. The district explored is the south and west coasts of Ellesmere and districts to the west of that region, hitherto unknown. For three years the vessel was surrounded by heavy ice, and lay almost motionless in Jones Sound; but in July last a strong stream set her free and she was able to renew her homeward journey. Gothaab, Greenland, was left on Aug. 16, but an accident to the machinery of the *Fram* immediately after the start caused her to come the whole voyage home under sail. Mr. Sverdrup had an enthusiastic reception, and the members of his crew are loud in their leader's praise. In the winter of 1898-99 the *Fram* was in north latitude 78 deg. 45 min.; in the winter of 1899-1900 in latitude 76 deg. 29 min.; in 1900 and 1901 in latitude 76 deg. 48 min.; and in 1901 and 1902 in latitude 76 deg. 40 min.

THE FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTER.

One of the most terrible railway disasters of recent years occurred at Arleux, near Douai, on Sept. 27, and resulted in the loss of twenty lives, and more or less serious injury to thirty-seven passengers. The 7.45 express from Lille to Cambrai was switched on to a side line at Arleux Station while moving at over sixty miles an hour. The weight of the train put too heavy a strain upon the rails; they gave way immediately, and the engine left the track, the whole train, with the exception of the last carriage, being upset. The accident is stated to have been caused by a mistake on the part of a pointsman. Arleux would seem to have been peculiarly unlucky for this particular train, for only ten days or so before it collided with a goods train while entering the station there.

THE NEW OLD BAILEY.

The acceptance of a design for the new building marks the first step towards the long-arranged supersession of the Old Bailey. The obstacles in the way of the architect were many, and not the least of these was the awkward and cramped site, which made it difficult to plan a building at once adequate and imposing. The necessity for large and well-lighted corridors, and for a proper height in the chief rooms, has been met by a system of mezzanine floors, which secure sufficient height for the more important rooms and offices, without incurring waste of space by giving the same height to those of lesser importance. The walls will be of brick faced with Portland stone, much of which it is hoped will come from the walls of the present building. The area will have a lining of glazed bricks, black and white marble being used for the floors of the halls and main corridors. The courts and the chief rooms will be fitted with oak. The courts will be entirely lighted from the roof. It is calculated that the structure when completed will have cost £225,000; in addition to this, £3,000 is set apart for sculpture. Mr. E. W. Mountford is the successful architect.

ROMAN REMAINS AT CASTLECARY.

The line of the Roman wall of Antonine from the Forth to the Clyde has long been the happy hunting-ground of the archaeologist, and during the present year excavations attended with admirable results have been prosecuted by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries. The fort at Castlecary, in Dumbartonshire, has been the chief scene of the research, and many almost perfect specimens of Roman military architecture have been brought to light. Among these are the wall of the Prætorium, various drains and sewers, and a furnace on the wall. The fort measures 450 ft. by 350 ft., and the remains of towers are still traceable. The walls are of strong masonry 8 ft. thick, and many of the stones are faced with the reticulated workmanship so favoured by the ancient

Romans. The drains, roads, and foundations are almost as perfect as the day when they were completed, and the fort as now exposed to view is considered by some authorities to be the finest specimen of Roman military work in Britain. Our sketches were made during the visit of the Glasgow Archaeological Society on Sept. 20.



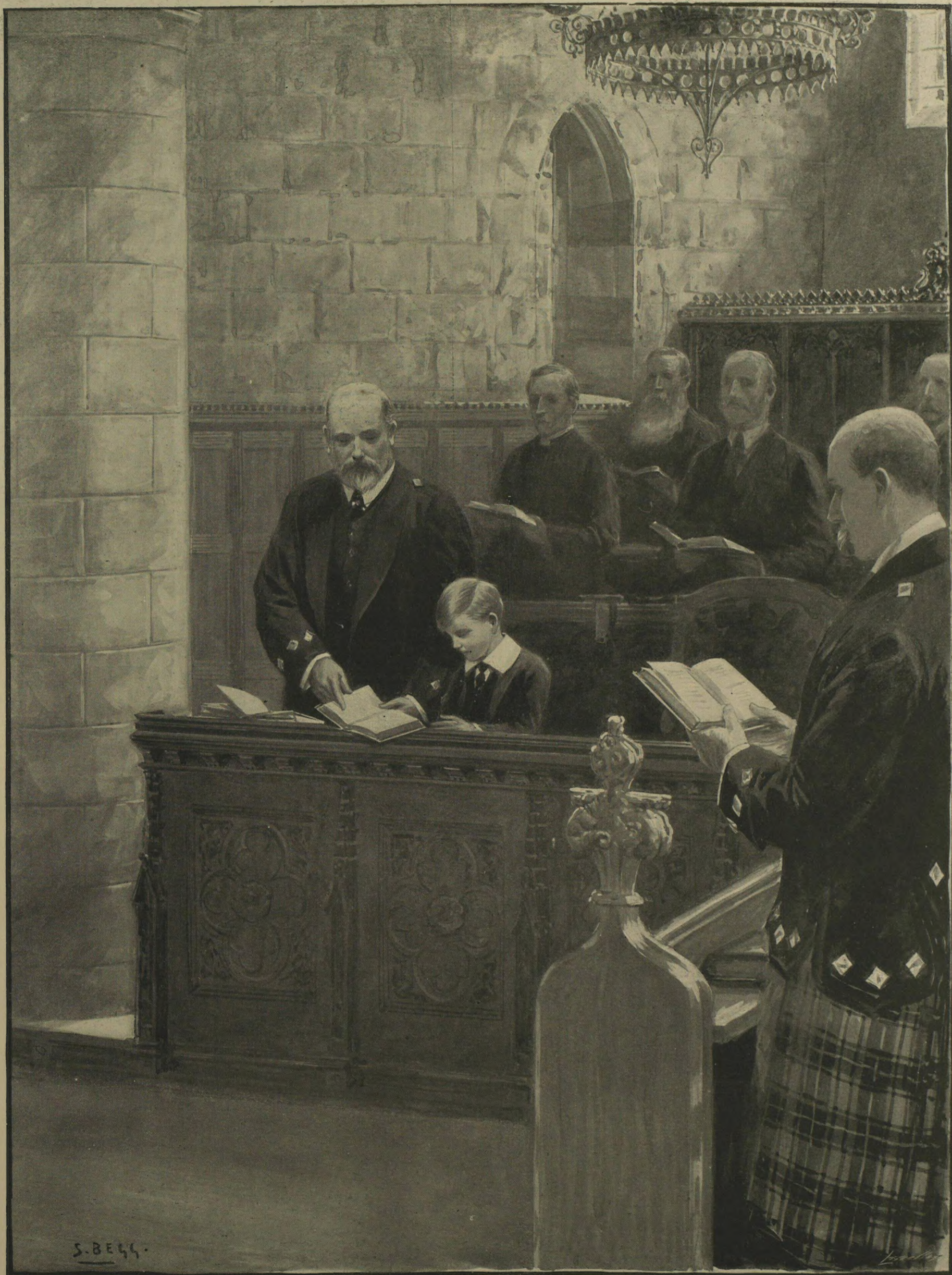
THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 28.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.

active duty. In journalistic and dramatic circles no man was better known or held in more affectionate regard than John Latey, and no man better deserved his popularity. Kindness was his pre-eminent characteristic, and to this he added a wonderful professional enthusiasm, which assured his success as a popular editor.

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

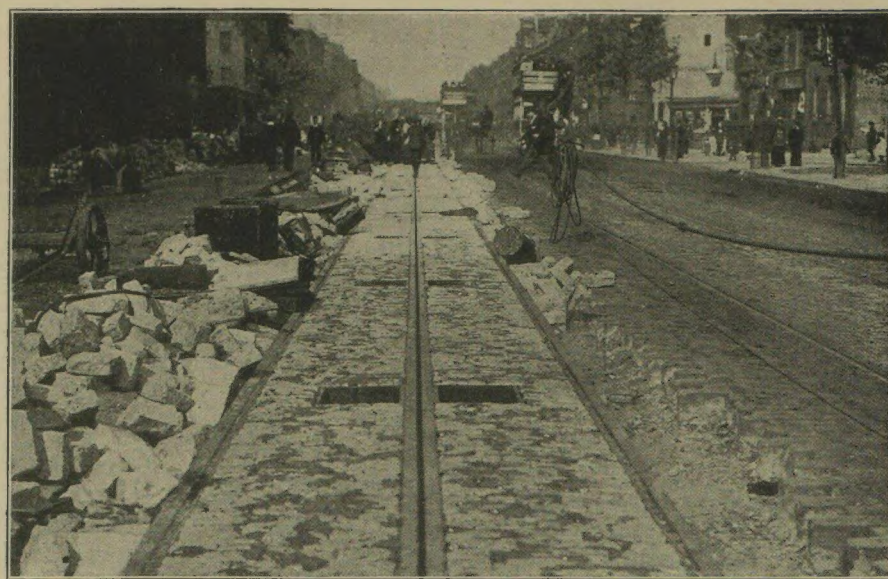
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



MORNING SERVICE AT CRATHIE PARISH CHURCH: KING EDWARD FINDING THE PLACE IN THE HYMN-BOOK FOR LITTLE PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.



SIGNALLING THE TRAMS, WHICH ARE RUNNING ON A SINGLE LINE DURING ALTERATION.



THE CENTRE RAIL, WITH APERTURE THROUGH WHICH THE POWER IS COMMUNICATED.

THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE SOUTH LONDON TRAMWAYS.



THE LORD MAYOR OF MANCHESTER RECEIVING THE KEY OF THE GATES.



THE LORD MAYOR UNLOCKING THE GATES.

Photos. Banks.

THE OPENING OF HEATON PARK, MANCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 24.

The park, which is situated within three miles of Manchester, was purchased by the Corporation for £230,000. Alderman Hoy, Lord Mayor, formally dedicated it to the public use.



THE RESTORATION OF TIENTSIN TO THE CHINESE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY, YUAN SHIH-KAI, AT TIENTSIN, AUGUST 15.

The Viceroy arrived from Peking at 11.23 and was received with a salute of artillery, while the native band (shown on the right of our picture) struck up a Chinese air. The Viceroy, in his Yellow Jacket, immediately entered his palanquin, which appears in the foreground, and was conveyed to the French General's headquarters. On September 29 the Peking-Shan-hai-kwan Railway was formally handed over to the Chinese.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES OF ROMAN REMAINS AT CASTLECARY, DUMBARTON.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CASTLECARY.



1. THE WALL OF THE PRETORIUM.

3. A DRAIN RUNNING THROUGH THE NORTH OF THE CAMP.

2. THE SALLYPORT AND ROAD FACING NORTH. (NOTE THE RETICULATED, OR NET-SHAPED, ROMAN MASONRY.)

4. THE MAIN SEWER RUNNING THROUGH THE CAMP.

5. A SMALL FURNACE ON THE SOUTH-EAST RAMPART.

THE DRAPER'S NIECE.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

* Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

(Being an Episode in the Life of Dick Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.)

'T WAS late of night when I reached Wimbledon Common, out of the West, where I had been patrolling the roads for some two months or more, and with mighty little success, as it chanced that year. I love the West Country, not only because I have, as a rule, found there fat pockets jogging home untimely on a nag, or fine noblemen in rich chaises, very proud but tender to pick, but I have also a sentimental leaning towards that part, and that's the truth I will not deny. There is some that hanker after the Great North Road, and boast that there is no better toby-ground than 'twixt Stevenage and Grantham, while I have even known 'em to set up Finchley Common or Hounslow for choice. Old Irons, who never had much self-respect, and was not above turning common crib-cracker if it so served him, was wont to go no further than Finchley when he was lacking a goldfinch or two.

"Sink me!" says he in my presence once to the landlord of the King's Head, who spoke of his score there, "I will pay you to-morrow, and be hanged to you!" The which he did, sure enough, by a visit to Finchley and not so much as a charged pistol. That was never my way. I never could abide such sport. Give me a creditable fellow that shows fight and gives your wits some exercise. There's the true spirit in which to take the life of the road. I would not give a pint of mulled ale for it else.

But the West is after my heart, being big and populous and swarming with squires and comfortable warm folk. I know the North Road, and was once very well known there myself, and celebrated on the Yorkshire moors, a confounded cold, uncivil place. Indeed, there are few parts of the kingdom I have not traversed in my time. Well, I was newly out of the West that May night, but on this occasion in no very good humour, as you may imagine, when I say that I had been forced to leave a belt of guineas behind at Devizes—so close upon me were the traps. Indeed, I was very nearly taken in the night, all owing to the treachery of an innkeeper, roast him! 'Twas a fine, mild night, and I was for lying in Clerkenwell

at a house I knew, but I had reached no further than Roehampton Lane, when of a sudden I reined in, for I remembered an inn there that I had sometimes used, and, to say the truth, I was thirsty.

"Well," thinks I, "maybe I will lie here and maybe not. I will let fortune decide," and I was turning the mare into the lane, when something comes up quick in the thick of the darkness, and rushes on Calypso's rump.

The mare started and backed into the hedge, and I raised my voice and cursed, as you may guess.

"Why," says I, "you toad, you muckrake, you pitchfork—" and the Lord knows where I should ha' gotten to if a gleam of white in the blackness had not in that instant disclosed to me the blunderer. 'Twas a woman, or, at least, a slip so young and silly that maybe she

Well, Dick Ryder is not the man to stand by while a pretty woman weeps (for I would have sworn she was pretty enough), and so down I popped off Calypso and approached her.

"Why," said I, "I love not to see a miss like you in tears, and as for my words, pray forget them. I thought you was some blundering, hulking bully that was meat for my bodkin, or my whip, if no more. But as it is," says I, "there's no more ado. So dry your eyes, my dear, for I am no ogre to eat pretty children."

"Oh," she says with a gulp, "I was not afraid of you. I only feared I had angered you justly."

"Oh!" I said, trying for a look at her face in the darkness. "Why, I see you are a very brave

girl, for sure. That I'll swear you are. And if those pearly drops be not for me, why, I should like to know what opened the wells, my dear? and then I will see if you have broken the mare's leg with your onset, and get on to bed like any honest, sober man that leaves the witching hours to maids and misses and innocent children, as is only right and proper."

I do not suppose the girl took me, for women have but scant appreciation of irony, but she spoke glibly enough.

"I—I am thrown out into the night, Sir!" she cries. "I have nowhere to go!"

Now you may imagine how this touched me, and what I felt; but she was innocent as a lamb and as foolish, as you might detect from her voice, to say nothing of her face, the which I saw later. So I considered a moment.

"That's just my case," said I. "And I was going to wake up some fat villain to take me in and sup me. But," says I, "if you will find me the particular villain, fat or lean and cock or cockatrice, that has thrown out a ba-lamb like you, Miss, well, 'tis he or she I will have awake and out, and something more beside, if me if I don't!"

I had put her down as a child from her stature, which



"I—I am thrown out into the night, Sir!" she cries.

should not be so styled; and I had no sooner made that out and ceased in the middle of my objurgations, than I made another discovery. It was her voice that did it, for no doubt she was mightily in terror, seeing me so wrathful and the night being so black and lonely.

"Oh, Sir," she calls in a trembling voice, "I did not see—I—" and here she broke a-weeping.

was small, and her body, which was slight, but I was to be undeceived in that presently.

"'Tis my uncle," she sobbed. "He has shut the door on me. He will not let me in. He vows he has done with me."

"Maybe," said I, "he has some cause for his anger. But uncles are not hard masters even to young misses that know not the world nor their own minds."

"Nay," she says, "he has a reason for his anger, and he will not relent. He has threatened me before, and he is full of burning fury. He will not have me back," she said in a voice of hesitating timidity; and, seeming of a sudden to have taken in the shame of her situation, she began to withdraw into the night.

"Not so fast, young Madam," said I, "you have broken my mare's leg, I believe, and I must have a talk with you. What's the reason?" says I.

She paused, and then in a tremulous quick voice, said, "He will not hear that George Riseley shall marry me."

"Oh, ho!" said I, "I begin to smell powder. And he has turned you out of doors?"

"No," she faltered. "He would not admit me."

"I begin to see beyond my nose," I said; "you were walking with this George, and returned late?" She hesitated. "Why, come," I said, rallying her, "I'd ha' done the same myself, although you would not credit it of a prim and proper youth like me. You was back late?"

"Yes," says she in a low voice.

"Well," said I, "old hunks shall take you in, never fear; so come along of me, and show me where Nunky lives and fumes and fusses."

At that I threw Calypso's bridle over my arm, and began to go along the road, the little miss walking by my side, something reluctant, as I guessed, but cheering as she went. Her uncle, says she, was a draper in the City with a good custom and a deep purse, while this George was but a 'prentice with small prospects.

"Well, I have no prospects myself," said I, "but I warrant I can get what I want in the end. 'Tis the same with George. Let him worry at it as a dog a bone. I'll wager he is a handsome fellow to have taken a pretty girl's eyes."

"He is very handsome," says Miss with enthusiasm; "and he is the best judge of calico in the City."

"Damme!" says I, smacking my thigh as we walked on together quite friendly, "Damme! that's the lad for my money, and I don't wonder at you," said I.

Whereat, poor chit, she brings me forth tales of her blessed George's goodness and estimable virtues, and how his master trusted him, and how his neighbours loved him.

"Well," I said, "best let 'em not love him too much, or maybe this paragon will slip you."

And on that she came to a halt, and falling very tremulous again, pointed at a house.

"'Tis my uncle's," she says, "but there are no lights and he is gone to bed."

"So shall you," said I, and forthwith went up and banged upon the door.

Now I could guess very much what had happened in that house, and how old hunks had taken a fit of choler and, choking on it, had sent his niece packing for a peccadillo. To be sure she was out over-late for virtuous maids, but what's a clock in the balance with lovers' vows? And if any was to blame, 'twas this same George that should have been swunged, not pretty Miss like a dove. Thought I to myself—Old hunks slams the door in an Anabaptist frenzy, and presently after, while setting on his night-cap and a-saying his prayers, remembers and considers what a fool he is, and how the girl is under his authority and malleable, and that he has pitched her into the roads to come by what she may on a lone night. What does that come to, then, but this, that Nunky sits uneasy, and a-tremble at the first knock, and ready to open and take Miss to his arms. Well, I was right about the readiness to open, but as for the rest you shall hear.

The door comes open sharply, and there was an old fat fellow with a candle in his hand, glaring at me.

"Who are you?" says he, for my appearance took him by surprise.

"Well," says I in a friendly way, "I'm not Old Rowley, nor am I the topsman, but something in between, and what that is matters nothing. But I found a poor maid astray on the heath, and have taken the liberty to fetch her home safe and secure."

He pushed his head further out, holding the candle so as to throw the light into the road. "It's you, Nelly!" said he sharply. "Have I not said I have done with you? Go to your lover, you baggage!" and he made a motion to pull to the door, but my foot was inside.

"Softly," said I, "softly, Gaffer. This is your niece, I believe," nodding over my arm to Miss.

"Well," he snarled, "as she is mine and not yours I can do what I like with her."

"Oh! is that how the wind blows?" said I. "Then, sink me! but I shall have to go to school again to learn morals. But there is one thing I have no need to learn again, and that's how to knock sense and discretion into a thick head," said I, meaningly, and at the same time I threw the bridle over Calypso's ears and stood free before the old villain.

He looked at me a moment, the flame of the candle wagging before his face, and the grease guttering down the candlestick. "You do not understand, Sir," he said in a quieter voice. "I have to give my niece lessons; I have to teach her by severity; but since it is probable that she has been sufficiently frightened by this night's adventure, and come to reason, let her enter." And, so saying, he stepped back and held the door wide.

That he was of a savage, uncontrollable temper was evident, but I had not reckoned with the old bear's cunning, and I vow I was to blame for it. So old a hand as Dick Ryder should not have been caught by so simple a trick. Yet he was Miss's uncle, and how was I to suspect him so deeply? At any rate, the facts are that, on seeing him alter so reasonably, and step back with the invitation on his lips and in his bearing, I too

stepped back from the doorway to leave way for Miss to enter. Then of a sudden bang goes the door to, shaking the very walls of the house, and a great key is turned on the inside, groaning rustily.

I will confess I felt blank, but I recovered in a moment, when out of the window above the old rascal stuck his head.

"Let her go back to her lover!" he says with a sneer. "Or maybe you can take her yourself. I want no soiled pieces in a Christian house," and then the head was withdrawn, the window shut tight, and the house was plunged in darkness.

You may suppose how this usage annoyed me, who am not wont to be treated in so scurvy a fashion, or to come out of any contest so shabbily. I was, on the instant, for flying at the door and employing barkers and point forthwith, but it is not wise to leap too soon with your eyes shut, and so I held my temper and my tongue, only showing my teeth in an ugly grin as I turned to Mrs. Nelly.

"Why," says I, "the old buck has said the truth. And there is something in his whimsies after all. It seems that George and I must fight or toss for you, my dear." You must remember that I had not seen her face all this time, for all the streaming candle the old gentleman carried, but I gathered that she was in distress from the note of her voice, which trembled.

"You cannot mean it, Sir," she cried, and shrank away into the darkness, whence I caught the noise of sobbing.

"Why, bless you, child," said I, touched at the exhibition of her weakness and innocence, "such chitterkins as you are no meat for me, pretty as you be, I'll swear. No, you're for George, or may I perish! I would as leave mishandle a sucking babe as pink-and-white-and-fifteen; so I would, child."

"Sir," says she, staying her tears, and speaking with an air of dignity, vastly entertaining, "I am past eighteen."

"Well," says I, "if you are so old as that, I would I had a mother like you, Granny. But as for old Suet yonder, rip and stab me if I do not pay him back in gold coin before two hours is out! And in the meantime you come along with me, Grandam."

I think she was confused and fluttered to be so addressed, not understanding my sarcasm; but she followed me obediently, not having any ideas of her own, poor soul. I led the way towards Roehampton, where I had made up my mind she should lie meanwhile in the care of a wench I knew at the inn. I was fashioning in my mind a plan for the confounding of the old tub-of-lard as I went, for I never lose time, but am speedy at my aim; yet all the same I talked with Miss pretty jovial, for she was a shrinking slip of a girl who was beginning now to get scared, and no wonder. When we were got to the tavern I came into the tap-room and called out for Costley, who had the house then, but is since dead of good liquor; and out runs he in his apron, with a lively face, for he was in a merry state enough, the hour being late.

"What, Dick Ryder!" says he in surprise.

"Yes, 'tis Dick Ryder!" says I; "and he wants a bed along of Sally for a little madam, and supper for both."

"A madam!" he calls out, and laughs broadly. "'Tis unexpected orders, Captain," says he. "At least 'tis put in an amazing odd way. But," he cries out, bursting with his news, "Old Irons is here!"

"What! that old damber," said I, annoyed, for I was no friend to Old Irons.

"Yes," said he eagerly, "you'll sup along of him?"

"Damme, I won't!" said I. "I want no cutpurses in my company."

"Come, Captain," says he protesting, for he had a fear of me, and knew of my repute on many roads. "Fair play and equality in a trade," says he.

I was on the point to give him the rough edge of my tongue—for it was like his impudence to try cozening me—when down the stairs into the passage came a man, walking very stiffly, and with his head in the air. I stopped at once, for I knew not who he might be, and down he stepped into the light, showing a foppish sort of a face, hair very particularly curled, and a becoming dress. No sooner did I clap eyes on him than I knew what kidney he was, and that he was not worth two blinks of the ogles, as they say. So I turned my back on him and was beginning on Costley again, when I was surprised by the girl's voice crying out from the entrance behind me.

"What the devil?" says I, flying about, for I thought she was insulted maybe by some of Costley's fellows, and I ran to the door. But there was she with her arms about the neck of this Jack-a-dandy.

"What's this, Miss?" said I, beginning to think there was some truth in old Nunky's words after all; and at that she stepped into the inn, in her excitement, and I saw her plainly for the first time. Lord! there was nothing in her face that would not have convinced any Court at Old Bailey forthright. She was prettily handsome, like a doll that turns eyes up or down and smiles out of pink cheeks, in which were two dimples mighty enticing. Up she comes in a rush, almost breathless, and breaks out to me—

"'Tis he; 'tis he, Sir!"

"Who the devil is he?" said I sharply.

"'Tis Mr. Riseley," she says, somewhat abashed.

"He has been supping here, and is setting forth for his lodging."

"I commend his discretion," I said dryly; "an excellent good place for supper, so it is, specially for young bloods like that. Well," says I, "since you're content, as it seems, I will leave you and young Cupid, and be about my business."

At that she looked dumbfounded. "But—" she begins, stammering, and paused.

I threw a glance at Riseley, who stood by with an air something 'twixt arrogance and uneasiness. I plumbed his depths, for I have come across many such as he in my time—fine feathers enough and nothing behind 'em. But it was true that the coxcomb's appearance did not better her case, beyond the titillation of mutual affection; so I

considered, and the idea I had taken suddenly bloomed forth in my mind. There was Old Irons, and here were we. I could have laughed aloud to think how I was for binding all the threads in one, to say nothing of Nunky's, on the Common. So I turned about to Costley.

"I was wrong," says I; "I will do Captain Irons the honour to sup with him, and this young gentleman, I make no doubt, will join me."

"I beg your pardon—I—I have supped," he stammered.

"'Tis a friend," I heard her whisper: "if it were not for him I know not what must have happened to me."

"Well," says I, "Miss here will sup at any rate," at which I saw his colour move.

"I will take the pleasure myself to keep you company, Sir," said he, and forthwith we marched into the room. Here was Old Irons, rude, jovial, and blatant as ever, but happily not too far gone as yet. He stared at my guests hard enough, but seemed to be at a loss what to make of them or how to deal by them. So that he was for a time pretty silent, casting glances of perplexity at me and frowning, as if he would invite me to say what I was doing. He was drinking, however, of humpty-dumpty, which soon loosened his tongue.

"What cock and pullet have ye got here, Dick?" says he in a loud whisper.

"Friends of mine," says I.

"Oh!" says he, and stared; then passed off into a chuckle, with his eyes twinkling on Miss; at which my apprentice in the fine clothes, not knowing, poor fool, what sort of man he had to deal with, fired up and demanded haughtily why he laughed at a lady. But Irons only roared the more, paying no more heed to him than if he were a babe in arms.

"Shut your mouth!" says I to him, seeing the girl's colour fly about.

"Why," says he, on the grin still, "you've turned Anabaptist, Dick. What fad's this? I will say it's as toothsome and sweet mutton as—"

"If you close not your cheese-trap," said I sharply, "I will take leave to do it for you with my pistol-butt."

At that Old Irons stared at me, for he was never very quarrelsome save in his cups, and he had a respect for me. "Captain," says he, "don't go for to say you're going to commit assault on Old Irons, and shut his pretty pēpers for ever. I'll warrant this pretty lady would be affrighted by it, and the gentleman too, rip me! when they see Old Irons a-laying in his gore—"

"Oh," says I impatiently, "have done and pull up, for I maybe shall want you afore the day comes."

"Now that's like Dick Ryder's own self," said the old fool, and feigned to wipe a tear from his eye and regain his spirits. He whistled a snatch, and called for more ale and brandy, which was his favourite drink.

"I will now proceed to deliver a toast, Captain," says the dirty old rogue, holding his beaker up and ogling towards Miss. "Here's to the beauty of Roehampton—rip me! no—of Putney Heath to Kingston! Toast me that, Dick."

I let him drink his toast, for I did not wish to thwart him too much in view of what I intended later, and he continued in a wheedling tone to address the girl, asking if she was not the Duchess of this or my Lady that, and feigning to inquire after his friends at Court in a mincing, fashionable voice that was grotesque to hear. But at last I stopped him, for I thought it was time to come to business, and, moreover, Old Irons had taken enough within his jacket for my purpose.

"Irons," says I, "a man of heart and tenderness like you would be all agog to do service to a young lady that was in trouble," and I winked at him meaningly across the table.

"Service!" says he, starting up, "why, I've just been pining, Dick, all this time for you to come to it. 'What's Dick got?' says I to myself, and says myself to I, 'Maybe (and I hope) he will be for letting me strike a blow in behalf of youth and beauty?' Stab me, Dick! those was my very words to myself."

"Well," said I bluntly, "you shall have your wish, old man, and this young gentleman too, who I see is regularly jumping for to join us."

"I—I know not what you mean," stuttered the peacock. "Having supped, and being called on to retire to my lodging, which is far hence, I will take the opportunity to thank you, Sir, for your hospitality, and begone."

Now at that I was only confirmed in the opinion I had formed of him, as nothing but a cur of no spirit: for here he was willing—nay, anxious, to fly off and leave his lady in the hands of those whom he knew not, with never a roof to cover her. He had taken a fear of Irons, maybe, or perhaps his suspicion was due to my masterful air. But I was not going to let him escape that way, specially as he was part of the plot I was laying against old Nunky. So I put my hand on his shoulder.

"Sit down," said I cheerily. "You must not begone till you have put something inside of that brave coat of yours. Moreover," says I, "here is a lady in trouble, and if I read your honest face aright, you are not the man to leave a poor maid in the lurch—not you."

"Rip me, no!—he's a brave young gentleman. I can see it in his cheeks," chuckled Old Irons.

"I—I do not know what can be done," said the other in confusion. "I am willing to help in any way. But her uncle re-uses—"

"Well," said I, looking on him attentively, you may be thankful that you have met one who, however inferior in courage, does not need to cry mercy to your wits. For here's my plan, plain and pat," and I gave it them, there and then. It had come into my head as I walked along the road with Mrs. Nelly, but I had the whole form perfect only when I had encountered the apprentice and heard Irons was in the tavern. Old Irons and I were to make an entry into the house, and the peacock was to make the rescue, by which means, as you will

see, the way would be cleared for Nunky's reconciliation with his niece's choice. But no sooner had I told them than cries the peacock, stammering—

"But—but—I could not—'tis not seemly. I will be no party. 'Tis time I was gone home."

"Oh, very well," says I, "then we will adventure without you, and 'tis I will rescue Miss from Old Irons."

The girl's eyes lighted up. "You will do it, George?" says she beaming; "I believe it will convince my uncle of all that I have said of you."

He hesitated, and being pushed into the corner, knew not what to say.

"But," says he in a troubled voice, and glancing from Old Irons to me, and from me to Old Irons, anxiously, "I do not know who these gentle men are. I—"

"Sink me!" says Old Irons in a cozening voice, "d'ye think we are really on the toby? Why, bless you, young master, we are both noblemen in disguise, so we are, and would think shame of this job if it were not to make an honest girl come by her own. We're only a-posing as crib-crackers," says he.

"George!" says the girl, in a voice of soft entreaty that would have persuaded a topsman.

"No good will come of it," said he with an air of protest. "'Twill fail," and he cast up his eyes in despair.

"Agreed like a brave lad!" said I, clapping him on the back: "and you shall drink to us and success," with which I filled him up a pot of humpty-dumpty, well laced.

He drank and coughed, but the compound mounting in his blood, fired him presently, so that he began to talk lightly and proffer advice and boast of what he would do and what part he would take.

"Whv, yes," says Old Irons, "a pistol clapped at the head, and bang goes the priming, out flows the red blood. Sink me! there you are, as cold as clay, and with no more life in you than in a dead maggot. 'Slife! here's a jolly boy, Dick, that is handy with his barker. I'll vow."

But I stopped him ere he went too far, and he and I prepared the arrangements. We left Miss behind in Sally's charge with strict instructions, and 'twas nigh three before we reached the house. There I set the popinjay outside a window to shiver, pot-valiant, until so be the time should come, while Irons and I went to the back of the house, and made scrutiny of the yard. There was little trouble in the job, as it chanced, for Irons is skilled in the business, which I should scorn to be, holding it for a scurvy, mean-livered craft, unworthy of a gentleman. But I was committed to it for this occasion only, and so was resolved to go through with it. Irons fetched out his tools and got to work; and in a short time we were through the window of the kitchen, and Irons with his glim was creeping up the stairs. But he stopped half-way and whispered back to me—as if he had only then recalled something.

"What ken's this?" he asked, using his cant word.

"Why, an honest merchant's house," said I, "and he traffics in calicoes."

"Look ye, Dick Ryder," says he, sitting down on the stairs, "I may be dullard, but rip me if I know how you stand in this!"

"Why," says I, "you need only know where you stand, Irons, and that's pretty sure. You know me."

He stared at me a moment, and then said he, "Well, I'll empty old Nunky of his spanks, and we'll settle afterwards," and he resumed his journey.

Now, what I had arranged with the apprentice was that I should knock upon the window when the time was come, at which he would spring in with cries of alarm and fury, falling upon the rascals that had dared break into the merchant's house. At which Irons and I were to

and immediately after there was a loud, shrill cry, the window fell open, and there was our peacock in the midst, calling in his falsetto—

"Surrender, or I will blow a hole in ye! Surrender, by!"

I could have broken out laughing at the sight, only the situation promised to grow risky. For Old Irons, taken aback at this, and never very particular when on his lay, jumped up sharply and smashed at t'other with his pistol-butt; while, to make confusion worse, the old man in the nightcap let off his blunderbuss. Such a screeching arose as would have astonished a churchyard of ghosts, for the truth was, old Nunky hit George somewhere in his hinderparts, and simultaneously

down came Irons's blow on his head. That sets his finger to work on the trigger of the pistol I had given him, and ere I was aware, something had took me in the big toe, and set me cursing.

"Here!" says I, grabbing Old Irons in the darkness, for he was ready to destroy both in his wildness, "this is no place for a tender-hearted chicken like you or me. We're no match for savage fire-eaters like these. We'd best go," and I dragged him through the window and we made off together. When we reached the inn, I called out the girl.

"What has happened?" she cried eagerly.

"Well," said I, "I think you had best walk home sharp. I'll wager Nunky will be calling for you presently to reward a gallant youth that has risked his life for to save him."

Her eyes glistered, and, Lord! I believe the poor fool thought her George had been brave. She clasped her hands. "Oh, I must thank you, Sir!" she cried.

"Nay, never thank me," said I, "for, if I mistake not, Old Irons has taken thanks for us both, and would have had more if it had not been for young Jack-a-dandy."

"Split him!" cries Old Irons. "I would I had hit him harder."

"Hit!" she cries, and clutches at me.

"Nay, never fear," I said.

"'Twas not Irons, but Nunky's blunderbuss. Faith, he took both wounds like a lamb. I would I had his courage, and was to be comforted like him. But he is in no danger."

"Oh, Sir!" says she gratefully, and if she

were fool she was pretty enough, and her innocence touched me, for she had scarce understood anything of what we spoke.

"But run home," says I, "and I'll warrant you'll find him a-rubbing of his head, and Nunky a-hugging him for joy and gratitude."

But even ere I had finished she was gone, flying lightly into the grey of the coming dawn, and, as I heard afterwards from Costley, what I had forecast was pretty accurate. But I had finished with Miss then, and the next business was to divide with Old Irons. 'Twas the first time that I had ever engaged in a job with him, and I vow 'twill be the last; so scurvy was he in the partition. But, then, I had always a detestation of so ungentlemanly a game as cracking cribs.



"Go to your lover, you baggage!"

make off, and, the old gentleman, rising in terror from his bed, should discover us in flight, and his deliverer George, full-armed, in possession. Yet it did not fall out quite in this way, owing, as I believe, to Old Irons's muddled head and his stopping on the stairs.

At any rate, we were no sooner come to the hall, after Irons had visited two rooms, than we were surprised by the figure of the old gentleman moving down the staircase in his night-dress and a large blunderbuss in his hand.

"Stand!" says he, seeing Irons in the faint light. "Stand, rogue, or I fire!"

Old Irons uttered a curse, and, edging into the shadows, put up an arm to slip the catches of the window. But his knuckles fell on it with a rap as he withdrew the catch,

FUR FOR THE EUROPEAN MARKET: TRAPPING THE BEAVER AND THE MUSK-RAT.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. A BEAVER-MEADOW.

2. SETTING A BEAVER-TRAP.

3. SETTING A TRAP IN A MUSK-RAT RUN.

4. THE HAUNT OF THE MUSK-RAT.

The returning vogue of beaver-fur has given a new impetus to the trapper's industry. A beaver-trap consists of a slender sapling to which a noose is fastened. The rod is fixed bent in a stream, and when the bait is touched it springs back and strangles the beaver. The musquash, or musk-rat, the pelt of which is often passed off as real red sable, is caught in steel traps.



THE RETURN OF THE "FRAM" WITH CAPTAIN SVERDRUP'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION: THE VESSEL AT STAVANGER, SEPTEMBER 19.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY VALENTINSEN, STAVANGER.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DEPARTURE FROM BALMORAL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AT BALLATER STATION, SEPTEMBER 25.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM SKETCHES BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BALLATER.

His Royal Highness, who was on his way to Gordon Castle, left Ballater by the 12.5 train. A guard of honour of the Cameron Highlanders was drawn up on the station square, and gave a royal salute. The Prince afterwards inspected the guard.

THE PERILS OF ALPINE MOUNTAINEERING.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILL.



MOUNTAINEERS OVERWHELMED BY AN AVALANCHE.

The season of 1902 will always be remembered by Alpine tourists as one of exceptional misfortune. For several weeks in August and September almost every day brought some fresh tale of disaster or miraculous escape.

THE KING IN SCOTLAND: THE SEQUEL TO A DEER-DRIVE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, OCT. 4, 1902.—496

GILLIES BRINGING HOME THE KING'S STAGS.



THE REBUILDING OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, OLD BAILEY.

NEW DESIGNS KINDLY LENT BY MR. MOUNTFORD, THE ARCHITECT.



NEWGATE PRISON AND THE OLD BAILEY, NOW IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.—[Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.]

A TRIAL AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT AT THE OLD BAILEY IN THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Note the herbs strewn on the rail of the dock to ward off jail fever.

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW BUILDINGS.

The design finally adopted for the tower differs from that given in the general exterior view, and is shown separately. The columns also have been heightened.

THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE: THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE LOWER HALL.
The chief staircase is to be 13 feet wide, and the entrance-hall will measure about 100 feet by 40 feet.

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW SESSIONS HOUSE:
INTERIOR OF THE CENTRAL HALL.

The large central hall has an area of about 3000 square feet. The walls are to be of brick, faced with Portland stone.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE DEFENCE OF THE SHIPKA PASS BY THE RUSSIANS IN 1877.
THE VISIT OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AND PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.



A REMINISCENCE OF 1877: TURKS ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN POSITION IN THE SHIPKA PASS.
From the Contemporary Pictures by Milton Prior in "The Illustrated London News."
RUSSIAN MONUMENT DEDICATED TO ST. NICHOLAS IN THE SHIPKA PASS.
In front is an iron cross erected to the memory of Bulgarian volunteers who fell in 1877.
TIRNOVA, THE ANCIENT BULGARIAN CAPITAL, WHERE THE Czar ALEXANDER II. HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS IN 1877, REVISITED BY THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ON SEPTEMBER 25.

A FERRY ON THE WAY TO SHIPKA FROM PHILIPPOPOLIS.
THE INTERIOR OF SHIPEOFF AND CO.'S DISTILLERY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF "OTTO OF ROSE" AT KEZANLIK.

PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.
Photograph by C. J. Hubach.
THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.
Photograph by Berghman.

A WAYSIDE WELL ON THE WAY TO SHIPKA.
THE EXTERIOR OF THE PERFUME-FACTORY IN THE VALLEY OF ROSES, FOUR MILES FROM SHIPKA.

THE SHIPKA PASS VIEWED FROM THE PLAIN: THE TURKISH CAMP OF 1877.
From the Contemporary Pictures by Milton Prior in "The Illustrated London News."
THE RUSSIAN MEMORIAL CHURCH ERECTED AT SHIPKA AND CONSECRATED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, SEPTEMBER 25.
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AND RUSSIAN SEMINARY.
On the central dome the Cross surmounts the Crescent.

THE CYCLONE IN SICILY: VIEWS OF SYRACUSE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY A CORRESPONDENT.



1. THE DISUSED MONASTERY OF THE CAPUCHINS.

2. REMAINS OF THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

3. THE ALMOST PERFECT GREEK THEATRE.

4. A TYPICAL SICILIAN PEASANT FAMILY.

5. IN THE ANCIENT QUARRIES.

THE NEW VICEROY OF IRELAND: THE STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN, SEPTEMBER 25.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



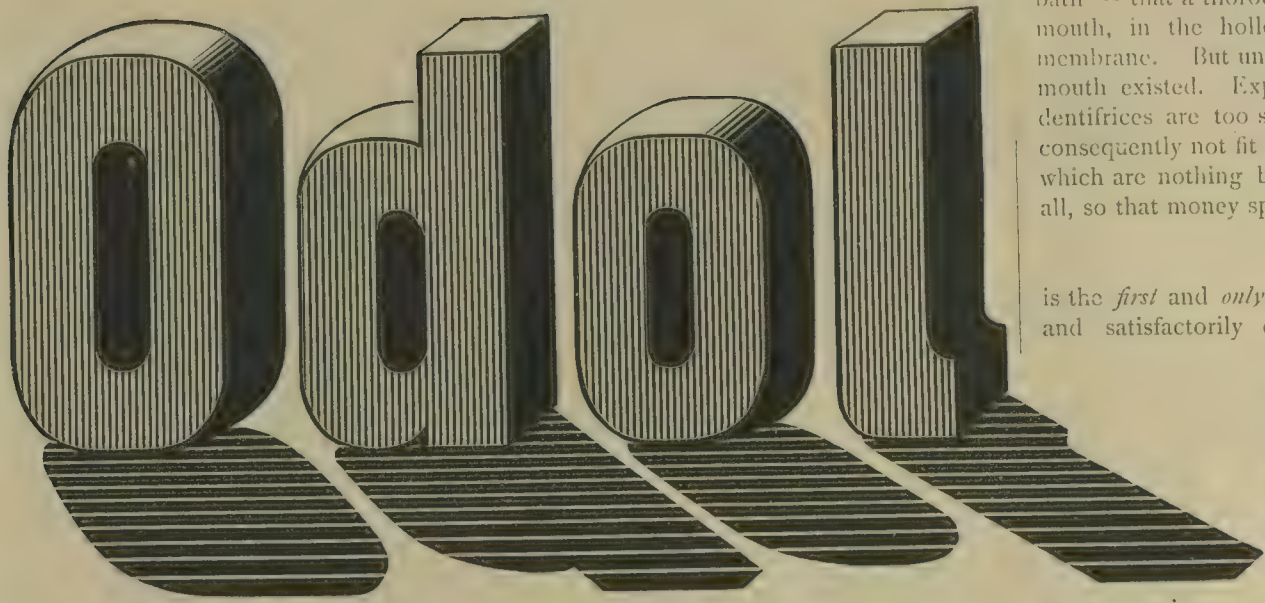
HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY LEAVING WESTLAND ROW STATION.

The new Lord Lieutenant and Lady Dudley arrived at Westland Row station at a quarter to one, and were received by the Duke of Connaught and a brilliant official assemblage. The Countess of Dudley was attended in her carriage by Lady Honor Ward and two aides de-camp.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF DUDLEY LEAVING THE RAILWAY STATION.

The Lord Lieutenant with his staff rode to Dublin Castle on horseback, and was accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Wyndham, the Chief Secretary, and a military escort.



Modern Hygiene in relation to the Teeth.

There are few things relating to domestic life in which the modern man does not follow some rule of Hygiene, and the word which we constantly hear from the scientist as a memento, "microbes," accounts for everything. We boil our water, we sterilise our food, we remorselessly disinfect after illnesses that science has recently discovered to be infectious. But for all that many of us are and will remain incorrigibly careless in the minor precautions of life. Or it would be perhaps more accurate to say that we are in some matters absurdly conservative and behind our own time. Many of us, for instance, cling obstinately to the remedies and alleviants popular in the age of our grandparents. It is true that these often have the merit of being harmless as well as ineffective. Toast and water has never been known to hurt anyone, nor dandelion tea; both are still used in the country by worthies whose ancestors used them. We smile in a superior way, but are not much wiser ourselves.

In theory we are all anxious to preserve our teeth—the vain at all events to save their face and keep front teeth intact—but how do we set about attaining this desired end? At best we use some antiquated preparation which we were brought up to use. If we thus know that we are in the dark, will we not open our eyes to light which modern science spreads; and investigate,

HOW THE TEETH MAY BE KEPT INTACT?

By what means this desirable end is to be effected will be self-evident to anyone who has realised that the teeth are ruined and become hollow in consequence of chemical action. Chemical mischief must be combated by chemical means. The various substances of which the teeth are formed are either compounds of salts of lime, which are decomposed by acids, or of organic matter liable to be destroyed by chemical injury. The problem of the preservation of the teeth is therefore a problem of how they may be preserved from the attacks of acids, and from decaying processes or fermentation processes productive of acids which attack the teeth.

This problem has been solved in an absolutely satisfactory manner by rinsing the mouth with the liquid antiseptic dentifrice Odol. But it may be also asked: "Are the teeth not kept intact by the

DENTIFRICES HITHERTO IN USE?"

They are not. Plain evidence of that is afforded by the simple fact that many people who have daily used various well-known tooth-powders, tooth-soaps, and tooth-pastes, nevertheless have impaired teeth.

TOOTH-SOAPS & TOOTH-PASTES ARE ABOVE EVERYTHING TO BE AVOIDED.

Apart from the unpleasant sensation produced by soap-suds in the mouth, and the disagreeable taste which they leave after they have been used; and apart from the fact that the teeth can be only partially and superficially cleansed by tooth-soaps and tooth-pastes, tooth-soaps produce particularly injurious effects.

All soap mixed with water produces substances known to chemists as alkalies, and alkalies invariably render the teeth brittle.

NOR DO TOOTH-POWDERS SUFFICE.

In the first place, the majority of tooth-powders are more or less grinding powders. They aim at keeping the teeth clean by mere mechanical scrubbing. This scrubbing is undoubtedly effected in the places which the tooth-powder reaches, and not only thoroughly effected, but rather more thoroughly than is desirable. The result of the daily scouring with rough substances must always be ultimately this—that the external enamel, a hard covering that protects the more delicate parts of the teeth, is sooner or later damaged, whilst any small defect in the enamel is promptly increased. At the best the cleansing is only partial and superficial. The localities which most need cleansing—hollow teeth, crevices, and the backs of the double teeth, that is to say, the very places where chemical mischief and other mischievous processes go on—are never cleaned by tooth-powder. They are only soiled and stopped up by it. In particular those tooth-powders which profess to make the teeth "beautifully white" should be regarded with the greatest suspicion. These powders set up bleaching processes that ruin the enamel.

If the teeth are regularly cleaned with Odol and a tooth-brush, the use of tooth-powder is not absolutely necessary.

HOW SHOULD THE TEETH BE CLEANED, AND WITH WHAT?

They should be cleaned with a tooth-brush, and by rinsing the mouth with a liquid antiseptic dentifrice—that is, a preparation that prevents and arrests processes of fermentation and decay. It is only by thus washing the oral cavity—by a "mouth

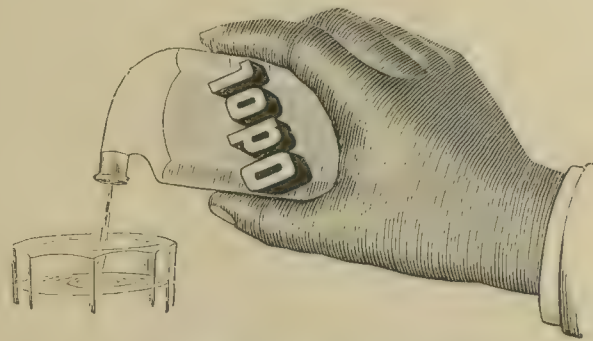
bath"—that a thorough and complete antiseptic effect can be produced in the whole mouth, in the hollows and crevices of the teeth, and over the whole mucous membrane. But until Odol was invented no antiseptic exactly fitted for use in the mouth existed. Experiments have proved that many of what are called antiseptic dentifrices are too strong to be borne by the delicate mucous membrane, and are consequently not fit for use in the mouth, whilst on the other hand most dentifrices, which are nothing but perfumeries pure and simple, have no antiseptic qualities at all, so that money spent on them is simply thrown away.

ODOL

is the *first* and *only* antiseptic dentifrice that has been discovered which thoroughly and satisfactorily counteracts the causes of decay of the teeth. The great effectiveness of Odol has been indisputably proved to be principally due to a peculiar property possessed by no other mouth-wash, which enables Odol to exercise **its antiseptic powers not only for the moment during which the mouth is rinsed, but continuously for some hours afterwards.** The antiseptic of Odol is partly absorbed by the mucous membrane of the mouth, which, becoming thus superficially impregnated with it, is for hours protected against all kinds of sepsis, whilst any impurities in the mouth are at the same time rendered incapable of setting up decomposition and fermentation processes.* Those who clean their teeth regularly night and morning with Odol secure them absolutely against microbic infection and practise the hygiene of the mouth and teeth absolutely in accordance with the most recent scientific principles

THE TASTE OF ODOL

is extremely agreeable. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours, "Sweet Rose" and "Standard Flavour." The former is delightfully mild and in special favour with ladies, while generally "Standard Flavour" is preferred on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect. When the teeth are cleaned with Odol the whole mouth is rejuvenated, as the body is by a bath.



THE ODOL FLASK

(patented throughout the world) is an original and charming ornament for the toilet-table. Its manipulation affords a pleasing novelty.

HOW TO USE ODOL.

Pour a few drops into a tumblerful of lukewarm water until the water becomes opaque. The mixture may be made either weaker or stronger to suit the taste; use will soon determine the suitable proportions. A weak mixture, in which the water appears grey, tastes best; a stronger solution, in which the water becomes milky, is more effective, but has a taste rather more pronounced than some people find agreeable. The first mouthful should be used to rinse the mouth thoroughly. The second mouthful should be retained in the mouth for several minutes, so that the Odol may be absorbed. After this the teeth should be cleansed in the ordinary way with a tooth-brush dipped in the solution of Odol; the whole process being concluded by gargling with the mixture. The process should be repeated every night and morning, also, if possible, after dinner; but particular attention should be paid to not omitting it before retiring to rest. It is during the night that the teeth are most exposed to injury, and the evening cleansing is particularly refreshing, as the air passing over the tissues is agreeably cooled. It is most important that the solution of Odol should be *retained in the mouth for some time*, in order that the antiseptic may be everywhere properly absorbed.

Smokers and others whose teeth readily turn black in consequence of stomacheal or other diseases do well in supplementing the daily use of Odol with a frequent mechanical cleaning of the teeth with tooth-powder. Tooth-soap or paste should on no account be used.

A flask of Odol costs 1/6; and a large flask, which will suffice for use during several months, 2/6. Procurable from every Chemist. Only in cases when it cannot be otherwise procured, and in order to afford all an opportunity of testing for themselves the beneficial effects of Odol on the teeth and gums without inconvenience and at a minimum cost, the proprietors—Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E., have decided to forward post paid a sample bottle (patent flask) in return for 1/6 in stamps.

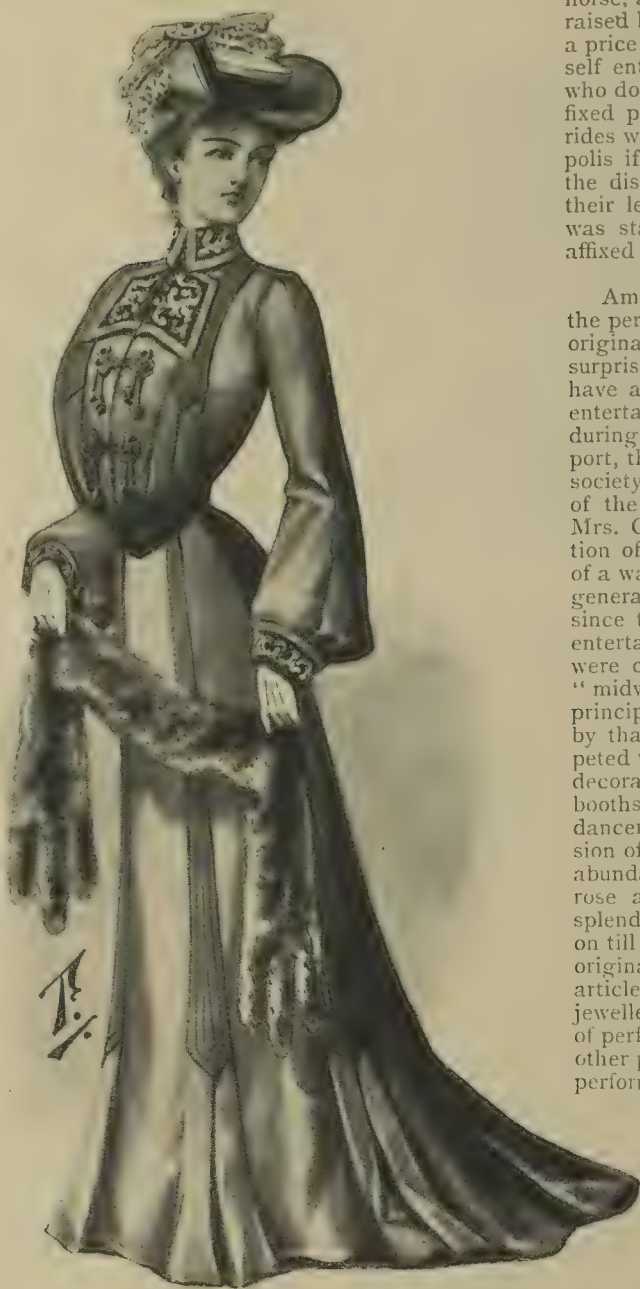
It is to be hoped that with the invention of Odol the care of the mouth may become as general as the universal habit of washing the face and hands. Reflection will show that to keep the oral cavity pure is of even greater importance to health than cleanliness of the face and hands; and if the latter is regarded as indispensable, why not the former? Persons who, in spite of repeated warnings, allow their teeth to decay, are criminally neglecting their own health.

*) We shall be glad to supply the medical and dental profession, and any others interested in the matter, with treatises on the chemical and antiseptic properties of Odol, and extracts from the literature on the subject.

LADIES' PAGES.

When the dull season comes on, the cab-drivers begin to be as restless as a nest of wasps at the same time of year, and sixpenny fares for distances under a mile are freely advocated by the men themselves at meetings. This autumn the movement seems to have been more general than before. The "Tube," as all Londoners call the Central London Railway, has undoubtedly hit the cab-drivers even worse than it has done the omnibuses. We are slowly being taught the superiority of the Americans to ourselves by the simple plan of their taking away our trade and manufactures in their land, and coming into our country to organise for us what our own capitalists have failed to supply; and the "Tube" is the most striking instance of the success of American ideas carried out under American direction in the Old Country. The notion that we are here so exclusive and undemocratic that we must have a division of classes to stand between the nobility of our superior folk and the common air that has passed over the masses is proved by the experience of the "Tube" to be an utter mistake. There is only one class, and daintily clad ladies and smartly turned-out men are to be seen sitting side by side with labourers returning from their work and errand-boys nursing large parcels. Inside an omnibus is a penitential mode of conveyance: nobody who can afford a cabman's charges would prefer to be jolted within one of the narrow, noisy, ill-ventilated public vehicles. But with the "Tube" this is not the case; it is both rapid and fairly comfortable; and experience having disproved the notion that our gentility would revolt against the single class, it has followed that the cabmen have felt the competition severely.

Undoubtedly if they were contented to take sixpenny fares for distances under a mile, and to provide their cabs with taximeters, so that there could be no dispute as to the distance really travelled, hundreds and even thousands of people who now pay a penny in an omnibus or twopence on the "Tube" for a short ride would pay sixpence for a hansom. But to start sixpenny fares will be absolutely useless so long as the present conditions prevail—conditions which are far more responsible for the patronage by ladies of the "Tube" than the difference between twopence and a shilling. Those conditions are the possibilities of dispute as to the distance traversed, and the unwillingness of the cabmen to take their legal fare when the distance is known. Personally, like most Londoners, I habitually overpay the hansom-driver; but I frequently drive with an American friend who carefully calculates the exact fare, and gives it to the driver; she is also fond of taking cabs by the hour and paying the legal fare by her watch. I may say that never once have we alighted from a cab under these circumstances without more or less violent abuse from the cabman. It is this liability which prevents ladies from taking cabs unless they cannot comfortably avoid doing so. We cannot, of course, judge whether the legal fare of one shilling for any distance under two miles is an adequate sum. But



GREY CLOTH GOWN WITH JAPANESE EMBROIDERY.

if it be not sufficient to meet the expenses of a man, a horse, and the wear-and-tear of the vehicle, it should be raised by law. What is so very objectionable is to have a price fixed for an article, and the seller consider himself entitled to pour loud and vulgar abuse upon those who do not pay him at least 50 per cent. more than the fixed price. I am quite certain that thousands of cab-rides would be taken by ladies every week in the Metropolis if cabs were provided with machines for registering the distances, and if the cabmen then accepted quietly their legal fare; and I believe any cab-company that was started upon these lines with a distinctive badge affixed to the vehicles would prosper exceedingly.

American entertainments are, like so many other of the performances of our cousins across the sea, of a most original and energetic character, calculated to raise the surprise and wonder of the Old World. Descriptions have arrived in the American newspapers of the fine entertainment given to the Duchess of Marlborough during her recent visit to the land of her nativity. Newport, the most fashionable watering-place of New York society, was astonished by the brilliance and originality of the fête champêtre given to her Grace by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. There was a whole collection of out-door entertainments arranged on either side of a walk known as "The Midway." This has been a general term for all congeries of light amusement ever since the Chicago World's Fair, when all the forms of entertainment offered by natives of different countries were collected on either side of a walk which really was "midway" between the east and west halves of the principal buildings, and therefore was appropriately called by that name. Mrs. Vanderbilt's "Midway" was carpeted with red cloth, brilliantly lit with electric light, and decorated with quantities of flags and flowers; and in booths on either side conjurers, singers, Punch and Judy, dancers, and all sorts of shows were offered for the diversion of the élite of New York society. Of course there was abundance of flowers, especially of the American beauty rose and orchids, in all the reception-rooms, and a splendid supper. The ball began rather late, but went on till six a.m., and the cotillon presents were things of originality and beauty, including silver table and toilet articles, cloisonné enamel buckles, and other ornaments; jewelled pendants, automatic toys, walking-sticks, caskets of perfume with silver atomisers, jewel-caskets, and many other pretty and costly articles. A complete opera was performed; the company came *en masse* from the leading New York house, for Mrs. Vanderbilt paid for every seat and closed the house for the night. Thus there was no limit to the expense and the ingenuity put forth in honour of the graceful American Duchess. The Americans are very delighted that she was one of the four Duchesses chosen to hold the Coronation canopy over Queen Alexandra.

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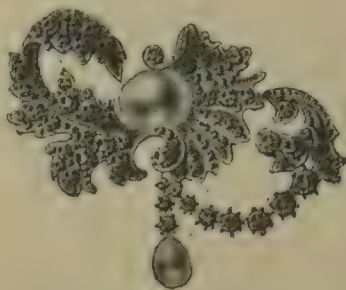
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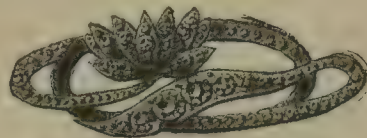
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almost imperative to adopt this position, and even the most retiring of lady explorers, such as Mrs. Bird Bishop, have yielded to the demonstration that cross-saddle is much less fatiguing than side-seat. The possibility of the cross-saddle being adopted for ordinary riding is suggested by the news that a number of leading American society women have adopted it for winter riding in the fashionable resorts in California, which are to some extent to them what the Riviera is to us European women. Of course, a divided skirt is worn in such cases. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is one of those who are pioneering in this direction.

It is a pretty idea for a man to select a portrait of his child as the form in which to receive a gift from his friends. Lord Methuen has chosen to have his daughter's portrait painted as the memorial most acceptable to himself of his safe return from South Africa. A like choice was made by poor Lord Dufferin when he gave up the Embassy in Paris. The British colony there, desiring to mark their appreciation of the retiring Ambassador's courtesy, proposed to present him with his own portrait, but Lord Dufferin asked that the likeness of his then heir, Lord Ava, should be substituted, and it was painted accordingly to the subscribers' orders by M. Benjamin-Constant. Alas! the death of Lord Ava in the war was (in Leigh Hunt's fine phrase) one of the "many thoughts" of which his father died.

Sleeves, which were the object of so much attention last season, are still holding their own as details of importance. There is a considerable variety in their style at present, and no particular fashion has asserted itself as supreme, though this may occur later on. The best new models perhaps most often show a sleeve tight-fitting down the front of the arm, cut open at the back from the elbow to allow of an extensive fullness drooping out caught again into a fitting cuff at the wrist. One pretty sleeve I have seen in modoré smooth cloth was cut right down the centre, and turned back on each side from a pleated soft white silk lining inserted; the edges of the cloth were tied across the silk at five separate places by a green cord and tassels, a few silver strands mixing in the latter. A good many coats are made with a very wide bell-sleeve; in this case, of course, it is understood there will be a blouse-sleeve fitting to the arm underneath; and the great width of the coat-sleeve is to allow for any fullness that may be desired in the lower part of the under-sleeve. This wide bell is a foolish fashion for winter; for keeping the wrists warm is all-important to the maintenance of the temperature of the whole person.

Furs must now begin to engage our attention. So expensive are they to buy in the first instance, and to alter when change is required, that fashion in furs ought to be steady and lasting. This, however, is not the case. The most costly furs are expected to be altered in accordance with the changes in the season's modes. This year



AUTUMN GOWN WITH CORD ORNAMENTS.

it is obvious enough that with drooping trimmings on the back of the hats and the descending coiffures, high collars will be out of place. The storm-collar has had a good innings, it is true, and during this winter will certainly not look absolutely out of date; but at the same time the new coats are not being made therewith. Above the turndown cape collars on the new fur coats, broad lace collars are very generally combined. Nothing can be too handsome, nothing can be too much, in the way of a real lace collar: it is smart in the form of a cape which covers the entire shoulders and falls over the top of the arms. A coat in seven-eighth length is being largely made for this season in such furs as caracul and mink.

There are some quaint new coats for motoring made out of pony-skin; not the finely dressed material that was introduced last year under the title of "poulain," and that closely resembled mole-skin in appearance, but downright shaggy light-brown pony, that you can imagine running about in a field or dragging the governess cart. However, to give it a little distinction, it is described as Russian pony. Mole-skin is still being made up very effectively. One can have an entire mole-skin gown, if one wishes; so soft and pliable is it that it really is not unsuitable for a complete costume. But of course, it is seldom that a fur dress is at all in place. Grey squirrel, so long used for lining only, is promoted this year to make the outsides of coats. Chinchilla, that most charming of furs, so very becoming to the face, and so soft to the touch, having no disadvantage save that it does not wear well, but gets "mangy" all too soon, is one of fashion's favourites. On all these furs the cape collar is very likely to be seen completely covered with and ornamented by a lace one. Venetian rose point is the ideal kind of lace to wear with fur, but failing this costly article real Irish crochet is well worn, and guipure and Luxeuil are favoured for less expensive coats' collars.

If you would know the latest fashions, and live too far from town to visit Messrs. Peter Robinson's fine place at Oxford Circus personally, you can be instructed by sending to that firm for their new publication, "Smart Attire," which will be sent gratis to my readers. Though the best illustrated of catalogues must fail to show a mere fraction of a hundredth part of the vast stock in every department, still it is a great help to selection by post. Messrs. Peter Robinson are willing to send goods to the country on approval for satisfactory references, and their stock is so vast and well selected that it is sure to be a satisfactory choice that arrives, when what is needed has been fully explained in the first place.

Our Illustrations show autumn costumes in grey cloth. The one that boasts wide revers in Japanese embroidery on velvet and collar and cuffs to match, is further decorated with strappings much stitched. The collar of the other gown is trimmed with bands of a similar embroidery, and the stitched lines are finished off with cord ornaments. FILOMENA.

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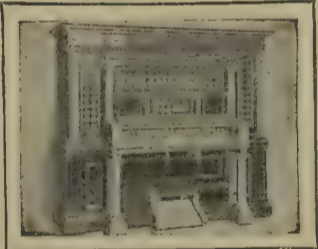
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will begin his Visitation on Monday, Oct. 13. On the morning of that day he will address the Dean and Chapter in Canterbury Cathedral. His journeyings will close on Friday, the 17th, at Croydon, and the final address will be delivered in the Parish Church.

The Church Army is to have a prominent place at the Northampton Congress. It has secured premises on the ground-floor of the Congress Hall, where luncheon and tea will be served. One of the sixty-eight mission-vans belonging to the Army is to occupy an excellent position in the town, and members of the staff will be in attendance to give information. An exhibition of the Army's lanterns and slides is certain to prove an attractive "side-show" for visitors.

Bishop Gore appeals to his fellow Churchmen on behalf of the Scottish fish-curing girls, who come south at this time of year to do the rough work of herring-curing in the East Coast ports of England. Twenty thousand of these girls leave their homes in the spring to "follow the fish" in Scotland, and of late years over five thousand have crossed the border annually, not to return home until December, or even later. Many of them come from remote Highlands and islands, and some speak only Gaelic. Bishop Gore asks that the Church in England should meet the girls with something of the care extended to them in Scotland, as their condition is frequently one of great peril and temptation.

An interesting event of the autumn season at Ilfracombe was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new church of St. Peter by the Bishop of Exeter. There was a large gathering of residents and visitors on the occasion. The new building will accommodate seven hundred worshippers, and will cost £6000, of which two-thirds has already been raised. Bishop Ryle remarked that the Coronation year was a time of new beginnings and a fresh start, and he trusted that the work of the Church of England is entering on a new era of progress at Ilfracombe.

The Bishop of Truro has been obliged to postpone his holiday till the autumn. He is now in Italy, where he will remain during October.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan sailed last week by the *Campania* for New York. Amongst his fellow passengers was General Booth, who, it is understood, intends to investigate the alleged encroachments of "Dowieism" on the ranks of the Salvationists in America. Mr. Morgan goes almost at once to Chicago,

where he is to conduct a mission. The scene at the City Temple on his last Sunday evening in London was a remarkable proof of his popularity and pulpit force. For nearly an hour before the doors were opened crowds were waiting at the entrance on Holborn Viaduct, and in every aisle groups were standing throughout the service.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has resumed his ministry at St. James's Hall, and hopes to go on steadily through the autumn and winter. The Sunday



"TEEMING" CRUCIBLE CAST STEEL
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afternoon conferences, which Mr. Hughes conducted for fifteen years, have been abandoned for the present, as the strain of two services closely following each other was too much for his strength. Mr. Hughes' chief danger, I imagine, is of allowing his week evenings to be monopolised by engagements connected with the Mission when he ought to be resting quietly in preparation for his Sunday work.

The Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Randall Davidson have been spending some weeks in Scotland, and were the guests of Lord Rosebery at Dalmeny when Queen Alexandra arrived on her way to Denmark.

The Bishop of Ely and Lady Alwyne Compton, who have been abroad since the Coronation, have returned to the Palace, Ely, where they will be in residence for several months.

The Congregational Union has seldom held a more exciting autumn assembly than that which met this year at Glasgow. The discussion on the Education Bill was long and animated, and this topic of burning interest overshadowed every other item on the programme. A pleasant event of the meetings was the reception by Lord Provost Chisholm, who is himself one of the best-known religious workers in Scotland. Dr. Mackennal made a graceful reply to the compliments of the civic fathers. V.

"HANDICRAFTS THAT SURVIVE."

Published, appropriately enough, at the time when Lord Kitchener visited Sheffield to receive the Freedom of the City and to attend the Cutlers' Feast, the brochure issued as a souvenir of the Master Cutlery of Mr. Albert J. Hobson, senior partner of the firms of Thomas Turner and Co. and Wingfield, Rowbotham, and Co., is an entertaining record of one of the most important of the "handicrafts that survive." Brightly written and excellently illustrated, it tells well-nigh all that there is to be told of the various stages in razor and knife making and in steel-working generally. Speaking of the process of "teeming," which we illustrate, the author writes: "No less striking, however, than the glow of the molten metal is the pose of the teemer, by whom the operation is performed. This will be best understood from the photograph, which shows how admirably balanced the body is kept so as to counteract the heavy weight to be lifted, and to give the man that perfect command over the crucible which alone renders the operation possible. The crucible weighs 27 lb., its contents 56 lb., and the tongs 19 lb. All this he must raise, and have under such perfect control that, notwithstanding the weight and the intense heat, he can pour the molten metal into the mould—which produces an ingot 3 in. square and 30 in. long—so that none of the metal will touch the sides until it reaches the bottom of the mould. Should the sides be touched first, the metal would instantly 'set' where it touched, and there would be serious flaws in the ingot. So the stream of 'liquid sunlight,' scattering its showers of sparks all around, must flow in an absolutely even and constant stream in the exact centre of that three square inches of space, until the contents of the crucible have been entirely transferred to the mould."



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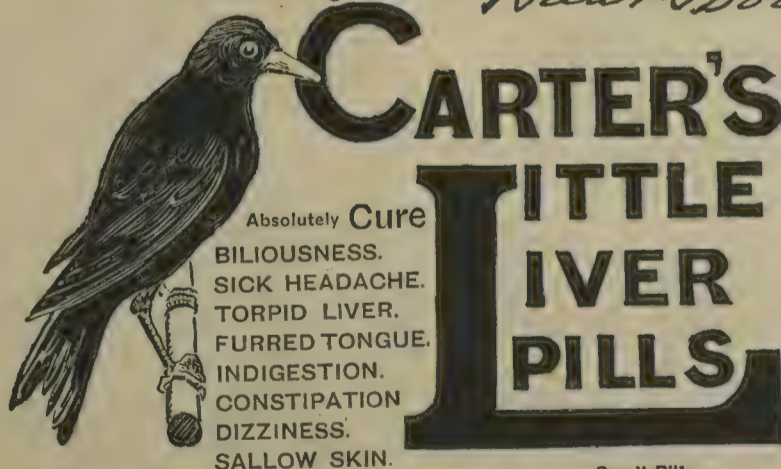
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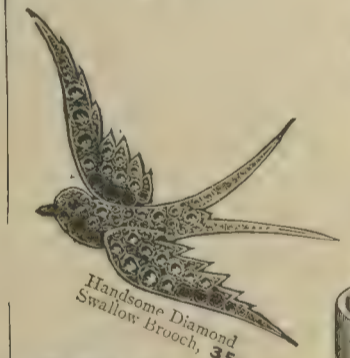
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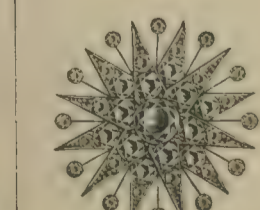
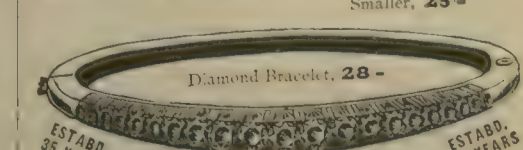
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 3, 1902) of the Rev. Samuel Hopper Powell, M.A., J.P., of Sharrow Lodge, near Ripon, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 23 by William Ffolliott Powell, the son, and Augustus Ffolliott Powell, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £262,898. The testator bequeaths £50,000 to his son Samuel Hopper; £7,000, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Anna Catherine Cameron; and £100 each to Augustus Ffolliott Powell and Mrs. Emily Isabella Reed. All his real and residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son William Ffolliott.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1896), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1900), of Mr. Florence Crauford Grove, of Palace Mansions, Buckingham Gate, who died on Aug. 17, was proved on Sept. 18 by Major-General Sir Coleridge Grove, K.C.B., the brother, and John Waller Hills, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £148,419. The testator bequeaths £4,000 to his niece Zela Flora Baker; £4,000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Louisa Twining; £5,000 to his sister-in-law Mrs. Madeleine Maria Ashburner; £6,000 to Mrs. Mary Ellen Ellis; £2,000 to John Waller Hills; and £500 each to his servants George Davis and Eliza Watkins. All his real estate he devises to his brother Sir Coleridge Grove. The residue of his personal property he leaves between his said brother and Mrs. Anna Hills.



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The will (dated March 25, 1890) of Mr. Arthur Andrew Cecil Dunn Gardner, of 22, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 24 by Mrs. Rose Dunn Gardner, the widow, and Charles Stewart Loch, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,428. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then in equal shares for his children; but should he leave no children, then as to one half thereof for his sister Mrs. Mary Robinson, and the other half between his step-brother Algernon Charles Wyndham Dunn Cardner and his stepsister Ada Dunn Gardner.

The will (dated March 14, 1893) of Mrs. Mary Lewis, of Clynfen, Pembroke, who died on May 24, widow of Colonel William Henry Lewis, J.P., has been proved by Thomas Edward Bowen, the nephew of her deceased husband, the value of the estate being £56,261. She leaves all her property to the said Thomas Edward Bowen, and appoints to him certain real estate over which she has a power of appointment, and she expresses a wish that he will assume the arms and name of "Lewis." Under the provisions of the will of her mother she appoints £1,000, part of the trust funds thereto, to her nephew Archibald Henry Boyd, and the remainder of such funds to her nephew Colin Edward Boyd.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1900) of Mr. Francis Delamotte Mott, of Newlyn, Hornsey Lane, and 165, Fenchurch Street, who died on July 24, was

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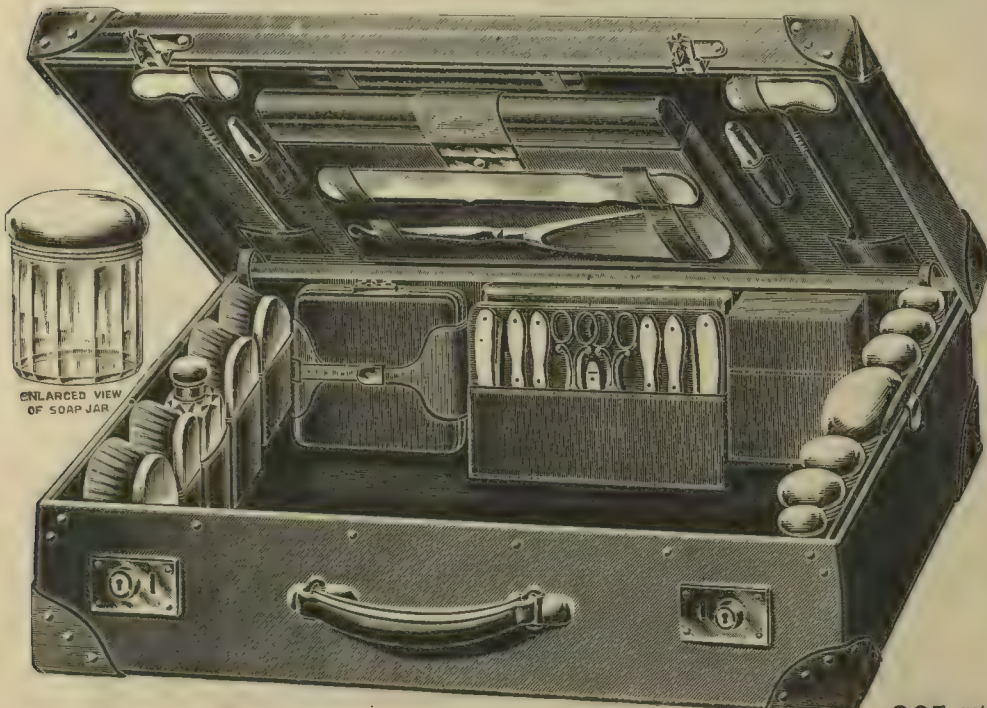
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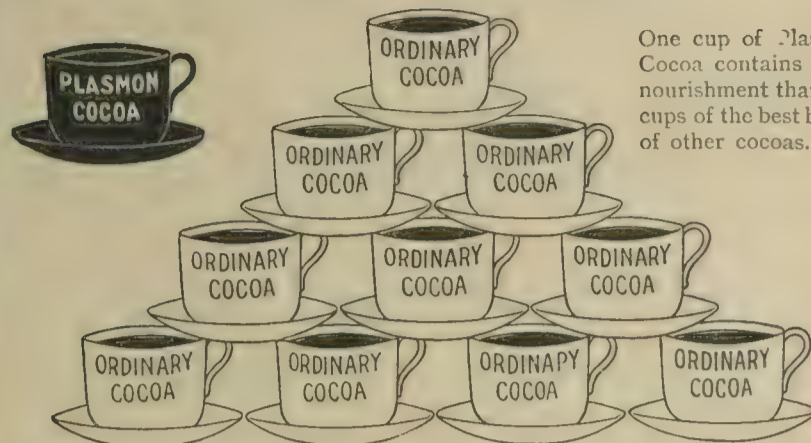
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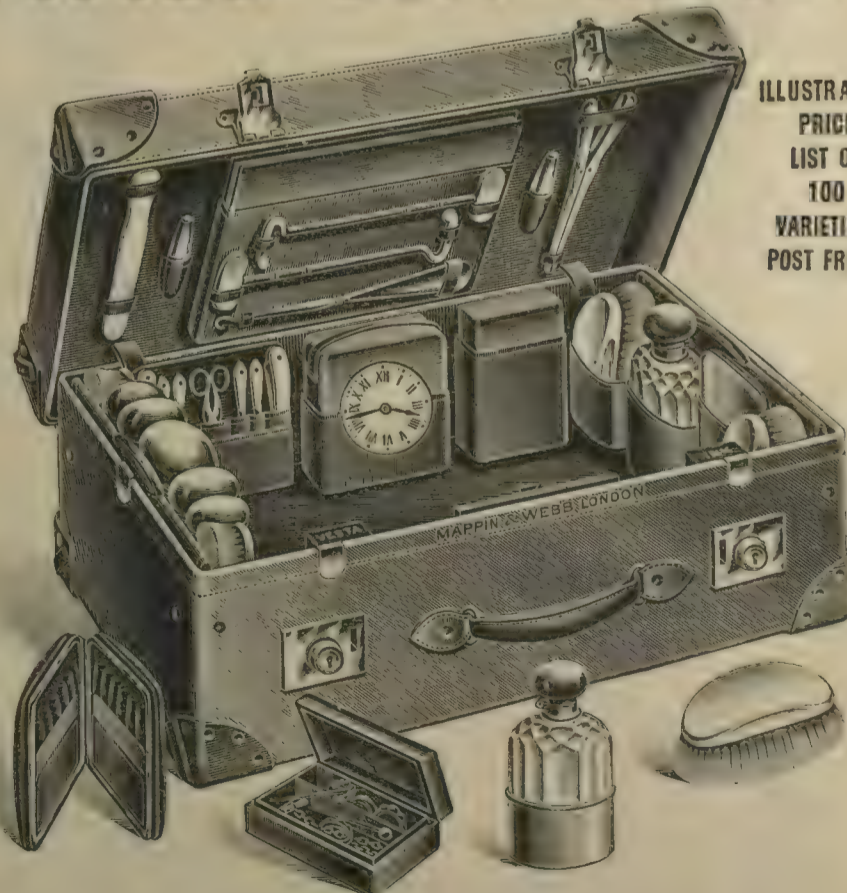
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proved on Sept. 19 by Mrs. Mary Ann Mott, the widow, Frank Delamotte Mott, the son, and Charles Edward Denny, the executors, the value of the estate being £50,807. The testator gives the amount of an account in his private ledger marked O. J. C. S. to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Salvation Army, the Church Army, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and George Muller's Orphanage; £2000 to his son Frank; the brewery and malting premises at Dagnall, Bucks, to his son Walter Septimus; £250 each to his executors; legacies to persons connected with him in business, and to his sons of amounts due by them to him. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then one half to his children and the other half to certain of her relatives; one fourth to his son Edgar Allan; one seventh to his son Arthur Ernest; one tenth to his son Walter Septimus; one fifth each to his daughters Grace Ethel and Mildred Patience; and the ultimate residue to his daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Edith Smith.

The will (dated July 31, 1902), with a codicil (dated Aug. 13 following), of Mr. James Thompson, of Monks Croft, Barrow-in-Furness, who died on Aug. 18, was proved on Sept. 20 by Mrs. Fanny Thompson, the widow, William Thompson and Robert Thompson, the sons, and Arthur John Parkinson, the executors, the value of the estate being £38,959. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his nephew, James Thompson, and his godchild, Bridget Postlethwaite; £1 per week to his brother John

and his wife and the survivor of them; £1 per week to his daughter-in-law Ellen until she shall marry again; and £50 per annum to A. J. Parkinson during the continuance of the trusts of his will. The residue of his property is to be held, in trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and subject thereto in equal shares for his children.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1893) of Mr. William Chapman, of 30, Great Charlotte Street, Blackfriars, who died on July 7, has been proved by George Chapman, the brother, and Thomas Miller Sutton, the executors, the value of the estate being £37,190. The testator gives all his real estate to his sister Eliza; £300 to Thomas Miller Sutton, and the residue of his property between his said sister and his brothers Henry and George.

The will (dated July 12, 1887) of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Newdigate-Newdegate, K.C.B., of Arbury, Warwick, and Harefield, Middlesex, who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 22 by Dame Anne Emily Newdigate-Newdegate, the widow, the value of the estate being £33,302. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely, and under the powers and provisions of the will of the Right Hon. Charles Newdigate-Newdegate he appoints to her a jointure of £500 per annum charged on the Warwick and Middlesex properties.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1893) of Captain Spencer Vansittart, of Coolbawn, Castleconnell, near Limerick,

who died on May 18, was proved on Sept. 9 by Spencer Charles Patrick Vansittart, the son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Arthur Madan Warde, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £32,404. Subject to a legacy of £200 to his brother Frederick, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his son, Mrs. Aileen Emily Kilber-Stuart, the daughter, being otherwise provided for.

King Lewanika has been interviewed regarding his visit to London, and stated that he told King Edward that he regarded himself as his little child. The King replied: "Yes, Lewanika, I will take charge of you and your people, and will look upon you as my children."

The *Anglo-African Argus*, referring to the question of Transvaal taxation, says: "Mr. Chamberlain has confirmed his telegram to us in a courteous letter, and as he has laid no embargo upon our use of its contents, we are enabled to state authoritatively that the precise position is as follows: 'It is quite impossible for him to add anything to what he has stated in Parliament. The reasons then given for not definitely fixing the amount of the war contribution remain at present in force. All other statements on the subject are unauthorised, as no decision whatever has yet been come to by the Cabinet.' " As to the charges alleged to have been made by the Commissioner of Public Works against Lord Milner, Mr. Douglas affirms the official reports contain no mention of them.

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MUSIC.

CLOSE OF THE ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.

On Saturday, Sept. 27, the English opera season ended at Covent Garden in a thoroughly satisfactory manner—that is to say, with a financial success. It was a venture in which many were interested, and it has proved that English opera, even in the dead season, is possible. Looking at the season impartially, the Moody-Manners Company can be congratulated. On Thursday last there was an ambitious presentation of "Tristan und Isolde," a performance that justified itself in many points. First of all, it was charmingly staged; secondly, the chorus was admirable; and thirdly, Madame Marchesi and Mr. Philip Brozel gave a conscientious and artistic rendering of the title-parts. It presents, of course, almost superhuman difficulties, and

it would be mere idle flattery to pretend that either of these singers conveyed to the full what Wagner intended; or, indeed, what we have been shown is possible in the music. Still, there was a dignity about Mr. Brozel's Tristan, and Madame Marchesi had moments of dramatic illumination. The orchestra attempted its difficult task bravely and courageously under the baton of Herr Richard Eckhold, but the result was not always quite what Wagner intended.

On Friday evening a new opera was given for the first time in England by the energetic management—"Rosalba," composed by Emilio Pizzi, the libretto written by Luigi Illica and translated by Mr. Percy Pinkerton. It is an opera in one act, full of beautiful flowing melodies and graceful orchestration. It is not a grand opera in its strictest sense, but it is written with a

refinement that lifts it above the merely "pretty" music, to which one feels it might, however, easily descend. Mr. Joseph O'Mara sang admirably the rôle of Firmiani, and acted also exceedingly well. Madame Fanny Moody sang quite beautifully the part of Rosalba, and Mr. George Fox was excellent as Colonna. Madame Moody sang especially well the graceful song, "O Wings Enchanted." At the end of this opera, "Il Trovatore" was given. M. I. H.

General Ben Viljoen is in England, and declares his object in coming to this country is to study farming methods for future use in South Africa. He is also going to see through the press his personal reminiscences of the war, and will deliver lectures on the same subject. All that the Boers want now, he says, is repatriation.

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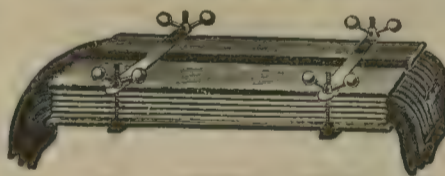
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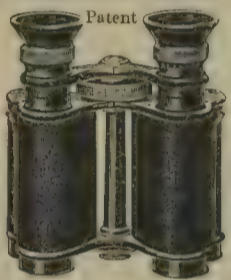
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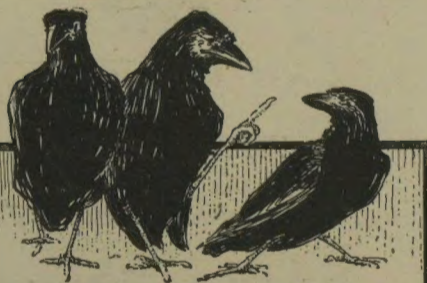
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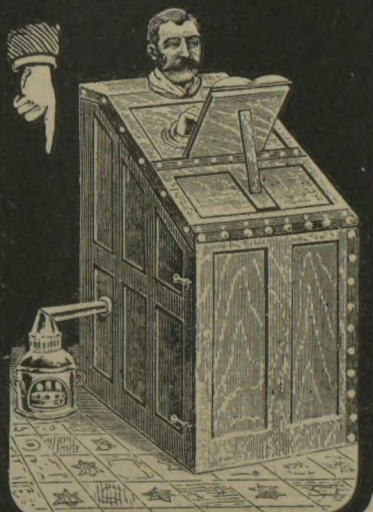
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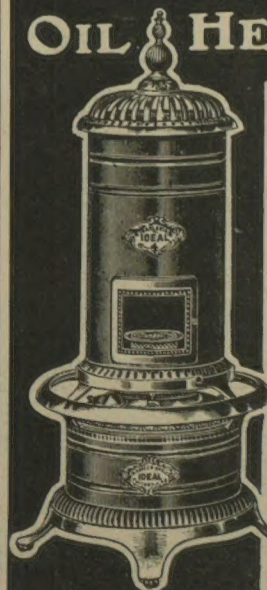
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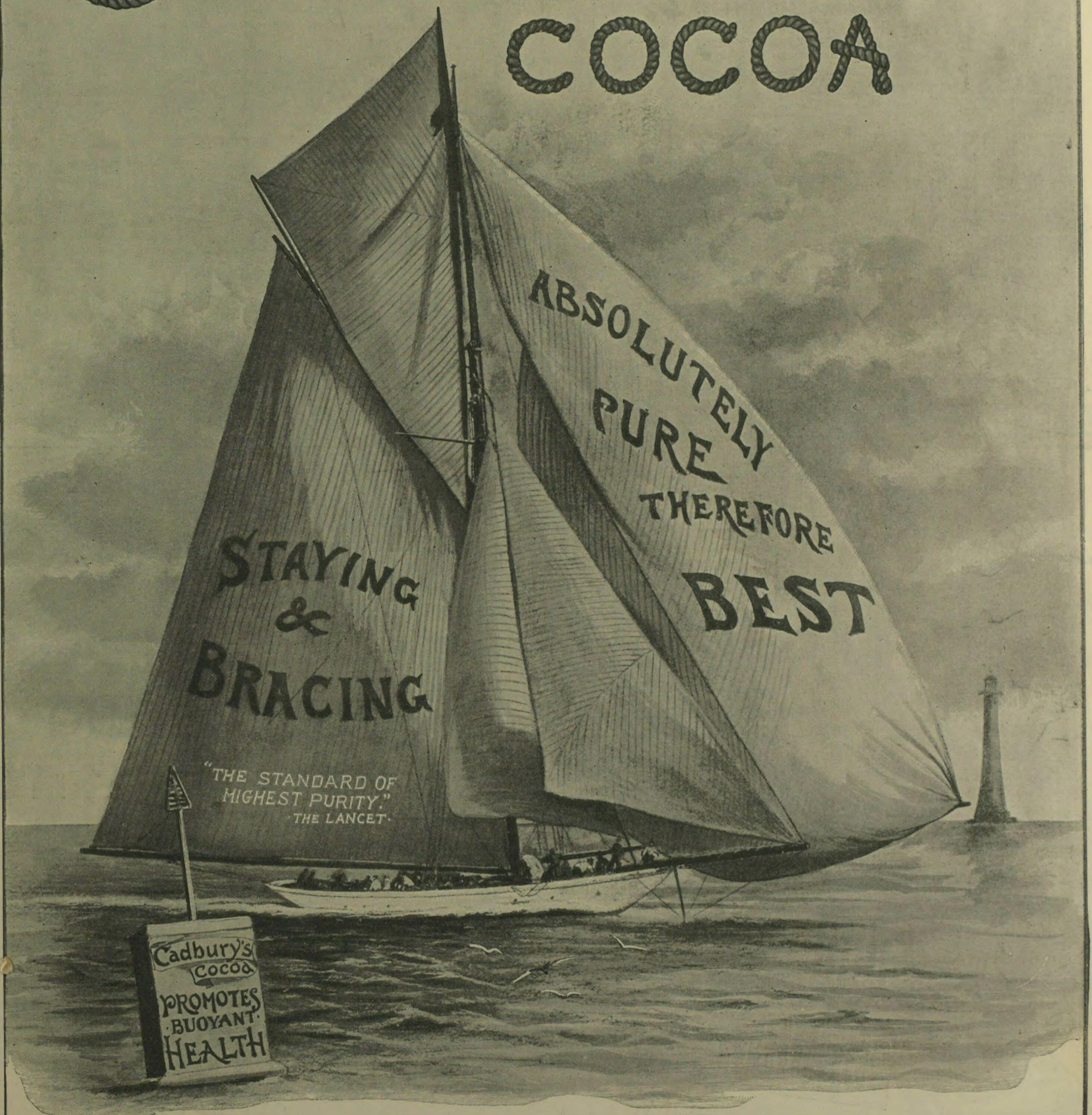


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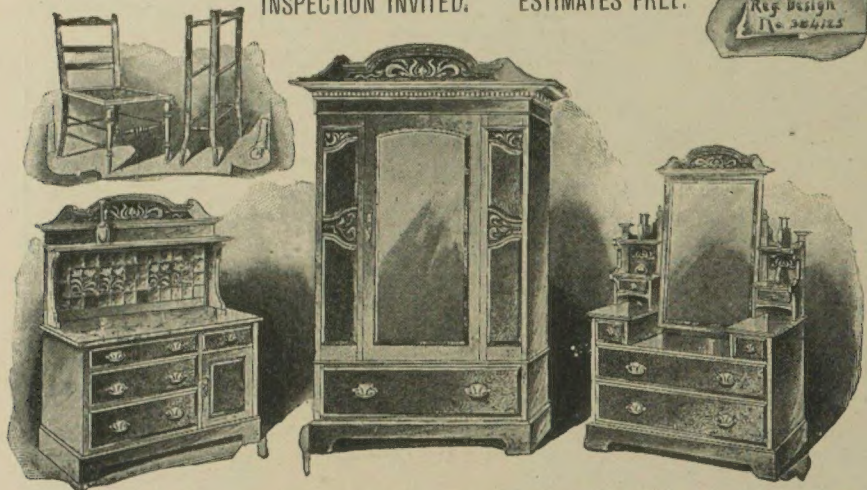
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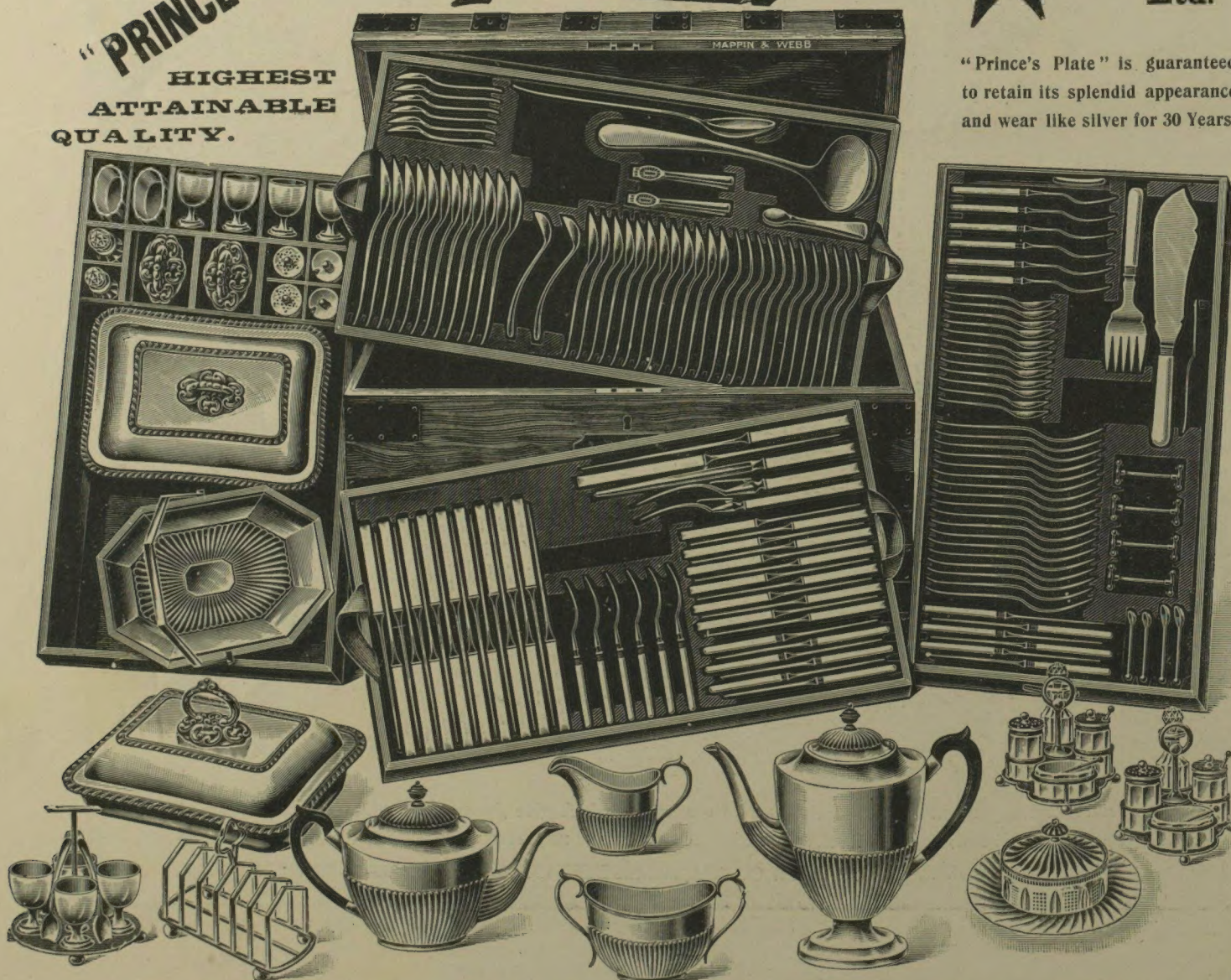
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